

APR 11 1900

READ ABOUT "DOLLY OF THE CASINO" NEXT WEEK

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

VOLUME LXXIV.—No. 1,125.
Price 10 Cents.

FREE SUPPLEMENT THIS WEEK—YOUNG PLUTO



BILLY HAD FUN WITH THE DANCERS.
ATTENDED A DANCE AT THE CRESCENTS, ELIZABETHPORT, N. J., WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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NEXT WEEK

DOLLY OF THE CASINO

Second of the Original Series
of Sketches in Gay New York

SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED

A Great Story of how a

**CASINO....
SOUBRETTE**

Manages to live like a queen on

\$15.00 PER WEEK

DON'T MISS IT

THE FREE SUPPLEMENTS

will be continued and barbers,
saloonkeepers and others will
do well to have them framed
and start a sporting gallery

RICHARD K. FOX

Publisher

The Fox Building, Franklin Square

NEW YORK CITY

DAINTY ISABELLE EVESSON DOES A DISROBING ACT

She Has the Leading Part in "The Turtle" and Lillian Russell's
Husband, Sig. Perugini, Plays the Title Role.

WILLIAMS AND WALKER'S GREAT COMPANY ON TOUR.

They Are Out With "A Lucky Coon" and Conceded to be the Greatest Show of
Its Kind---Colored Talent That is the Real Thing.

Isabelle Evesson, who has been rightly called dainty when it comes to doing any labor on the stage, whether manual or mental, has gone out with William A. Brady's "The Turtle" company.

Miss Evesson is alike ravishing to the gaze, whether fully attired in costly Parisian gowns or revealed in the simplicity of a pink silk nightie.

Such is the purity and ingenuousness of her demeanor in the critical scene of disrobement that there is never so much as an irreverent guffaw from the provincial galleries.

When Miss Evesson retires to the nuptial couch prepared for another the incident becomes as innocent and unobjectionable as if a golden haired child of six was being put to bed after a hard day's play.

One almost expects to hear her hiss, "Now I lay me down to sleep" before her little, tired head sinks to rest upon the silken pillows.

In the same company is Signor Perugini, Lillian Russell's husband.

He took a header from opera-comic and otherwise—to plain comedy and he has succeeded. He looks the part he plays and he acts it, too.

There are many, many companies on earth, but for a clever, clean show, with the best of talent, commend me to Williams & Walker's colored company, in "A Lucky Coon." The company is under the direction of Hurlig and Seamon, and is personally managed by Sam L. Tuck. It played week before last at the Dewey Theatre, and was the best show in town. Williams is becoming cleverer and Walker is growing fatter every minute, and the supporting company hasn't a flaw.

James Jackson, who is rightly called the champion buck dancer of the world, is as clever with his feet as any man can possibly be.

It is one of the few shows where the audience sits until the curtain drops on the last act.

Zelma Rawlston, who is really a clever male impersonator and a quick change artist as well, recently put the time required to make changes of costume to the test of actual measurement. It was found that the change of costume, measured in the absence of the artist from the stage—from the time of leaving until the moment of return—was 29 seconds. The change from a second to a third costume, under like conditions, was 28 seconds, and this change included "coat, vest, shirt, trousers, shoes, hose, collar, tie, cuffs, hat and handkerchief."

Hilda Orme, the theatrical young woman who says she has been pursued and conspired against for many years, introduced a specialty at Sam T. Jack's popular Broadway theatre last Monday. She sang some very clever songs in a very clever way, and she did what it was expected she would, made a pronounced and emphatic hit. Perhaps she will not be conspired against so much now.

Edna Aug, who is the only young woman who could imitate Anna Held, and who has been holding forth in vaudeville houses and with burlesque companies, seems to have struck her gait at last. She is going to be one of the divinites in "A Dangerous Maid."

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

"A MODERN SIRIUS." Now ready. One of the most successful and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Belle Davis, who made such a great hit on the Casino roof garden last summer, plays a colored cook in "Brown's in Town," and sings "He Cert'nly Was Good to Me" and other ditties of similar purport. She is said to be one of the big hits of the show.

Bijou Fernandez, who is no longer cute because she is no longer little, who is playing in "Because She Loved Him So," took Margaret Mayo's part as the naughty maid when that young woman became ill the other day, and she played it with extreme cleverness and strength.

Think of it! Lydia Thompson, Queen of Burlesque, in want in London! But those English people always keep an eye out for their favorites and she is going to have a rousing benefit that will put her on her feet for the rest of her days. High society and the nobility are pushing the affair to a

with mamma and maid, and enough trunks to fill two vans. She really looked too prosperous to work, but she hadn't been home a day before she received a gilt-edged offer.

Lucky Myrtle—or Lucky Thurlow—whichever you like.

Flowers wither and their perfume dies, but there are more tangible tokens of admiring regard bestowed upon young ladies of the chorus that endure beyond the passing hour.

Such a one, for example, as a Boston broker bestowed upon the blond and buoyant Bessie Bonneville of "Topsy Turvy."

"He was one of the most perfectly elegant gentlemen I ever met," explained Miss Bonneville, ecstatically, "and he gave me the loveliest bulldog you ever saw. He follows me everywhere."

"Who, the broker?" inquired the person to whom she was describing her treasure.

"No, the dog," explained Miss Bonneville, unsuspiciously. "They say he's worth a million dollars, and he is perfectly charming."

"What, the dog?" "Of course not," she remarked somewhat testily. "The broker is worth a million dollars. He paid \$300 for the dog."

"In cash?" "Well, I believe not in cash," said Miss Bonneville, hesitatingly. "I think he said he traded two pups worth \$150 each in exchange. But he's a lovely broker, and he's a beautiful dog."

Talking about coon songs—which are all the rage—the best come from Detroit, Mich., where Zickel brothers turn out such hot propositions as "De Old-Time Cake Walk," "When Mammy's Pickaninny's Fast Asleep," and "Lize Skinner."

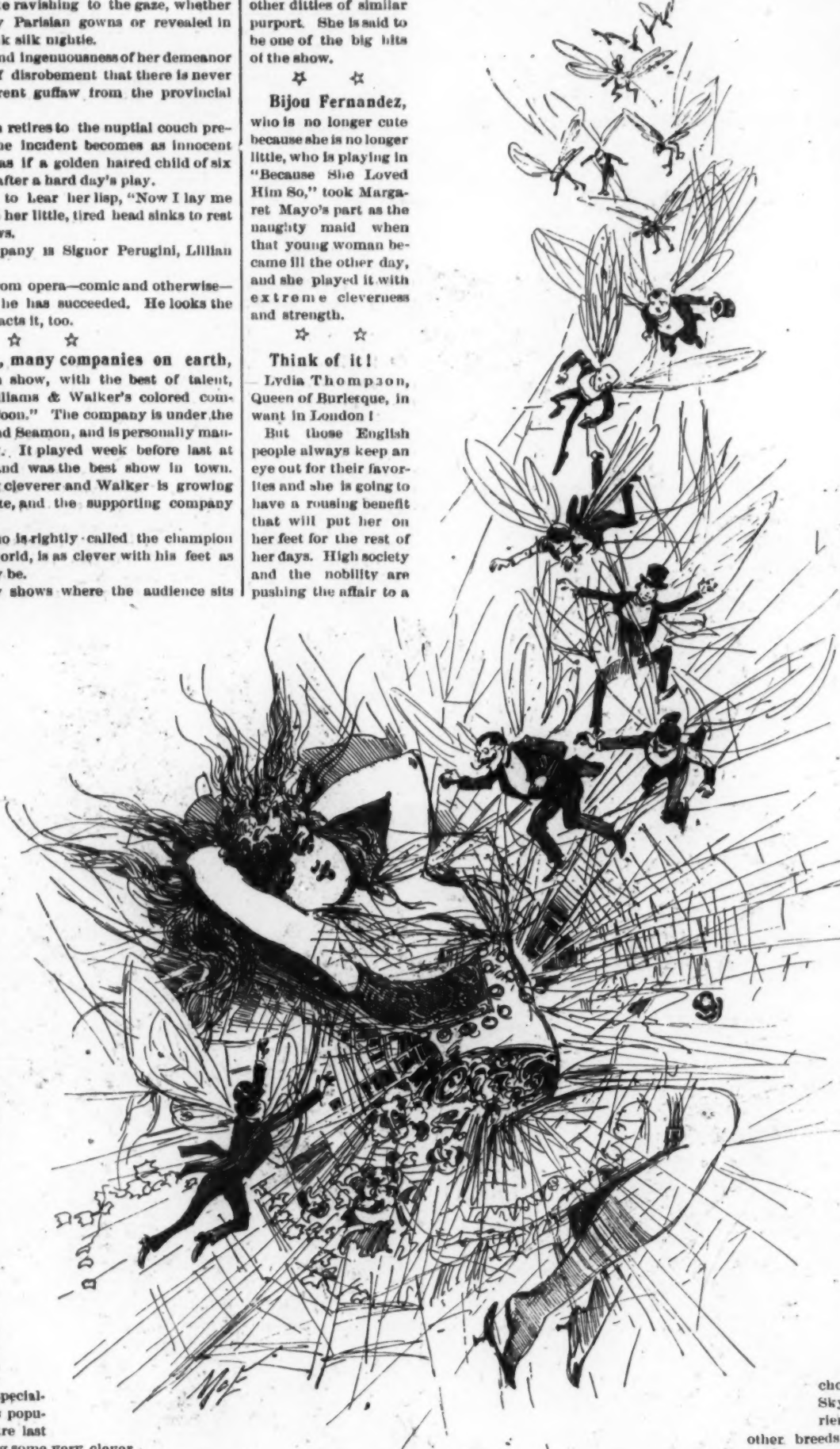
Anna Robinson set a new fashion, when she appeared on Broadway recently, with her new pet dog, a Mexican hairless creature, who had his feet encased in little storm boots that had been made especially for him. They cost \$2.50 and were the real thing.

Fanny Rice occupies a handsome suite in one of the apartment houses in the fashionable upper west side district in New York. She was the possessor of a finely-bred King Charles spaniel to which she was very much attached and which recently was unfortunately run over and killed. Among the attendants in the house in which Miss Rice's apartments were located was a spruce appearing colored lad of about sixteen, and who claimed that his father was a dog fancier. Between hours this young worthy devoted his time to selling dogs to the residents of the neighborhood and succeeded in disposing of not a few animals. As soon as he learned of Miss Rice's loss he became a constant solicitor for her patronage, and although she did not care to traffic with a servant she did not care to resort to any harsh measures to rid herself of his importunities, so she hit upon a plan. The next time the pseudo dog-fancier called she asked him if he had a Japanese pug, which dogs, by way of parenthesis, are rather uncommon and consequently very expensive. In a few days the boy again called on Miss Rice, and ignoring her choice offered to sell in turn a Skye terrier, a poodle, a fox terrier, a dachshund and one or two other breeds, where Miss Rice cut him short with the remark that she wanted a Japanese pug or nothing, inwardly congratulating herself that she had given him an impossible task and thus rid herself of his frequent visits. He explained his position, however, informing her that: "Dem Japanese dogs am awful hard to get. I seen two or three of 'em on the street, but they were all tied and I couldn't get one." The several purchasers in the neighborhood are now wondering whose dogs they bought from the enterprising colored boy.

NOTED SPORTING MEN'S PICTURES

FREE—Elegant half-tone productions. Sharkey, Maher, McCoy, Jackson, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—KID BROAD. Be sure you get it. All newsdealers.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



Did You Ever Hear the Story of the Spider and Flies?

successful conclusion, so Lydia will be all right in her old age.

Grace George, who enacts the part of the young wife in "Mme. Fifi," now playing at the Standard Theatre, New York, has reached that stage of an actress's career when women in the audience rave over her and her gowns.

It is a good stage, for it is success.

Myrtle—better known, perhaps, as Lucky—Thurlow, is back in town and playing at a newly-opened music hall.

She arrived on a steamer from Europe quite recently,

HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK---KID BROAD, A CLEVER, HARD-HITTING FEATHERWEIGHT

SKETCHES OF GAY NEW YORK

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

No. 1. WOMEN GAMBLERS



She Held Out a Handsome Marquise Ring.

Come on, Uncle John, just over from Jersey, and I'll show you the sights of gay New York. Of course, it doesn't look very gay as you walk along the streets, dodging electric cabs and cable cars, with one hand on your watch and the other hand on the bundle of bills in your breeches pocket.

Yet you might spend a day on Broadway and a night on Fourteenth street, doing nothing but looking at the people and wondering how many of the men were crooks and how many of the women were devilish bad, and then go home and tell the folks what a hot time you had in New York.

And you'd tell it so often that after awhile you would get so you would believe it yourself.

But I'll give you something to talk about. I'll take you up to where women "buck the tiger."

No, it isn't a menagerie. But it's something like one, and the tiger I speak of isn't in a cage, either.

When we get there fasten your money to your vest with a safety pin and drop your watch down your bootleg, then you'll be sure to take them home with you when you go.

Here we are.

Yes, it is rather quiet around here.

In a long room which overlooks a back yard, the game goes on. Daylight doesn't seem to harmonize with chips and green cloth, so the shades are drawn and electric lights are blazing out upon a strange scene.

Two great, long parlors, gaudily decorated like the show windows of an installment furniture house; pictures here, there, everywhere. The wall is covered with them.

Vice, you know, must have fine surroundings to make it the real thing. You can find, just as much vice and wickedness in a cellar as you can in a parlor, perhaps, but it doesn't last as long. It wears itself out through mere malnutrition.

The parlor vice is fat and prosperous.

On the floor there are great heavy velvet carpets of expensive pattern, and the heavy embossed leather chairs were never made for a meaner apartment.

There are three clusters of beauty, since all women are beautiful up to thirty, and each cluster is nodding lovingly around a table, like a new kind of roses that grow out of imported carpet, and find support on chairs of oak and queer-looking tables covered with green cloth.

There are three games in here and each woman has her particular choice.

Faro, roulette and rouge et noir.

The little ivory ball whirled around the whirling wheel of the roulette table and hurdles itself along until it finally drops into a number, and the man in the chair calls out:

"Thirty-two in the black," and proceeds to rake in the losers and pay the winners.

A big brunette, handsome as a Diana, has a seat at the table directly in front of him. She has been playing for four hours. There's a cold glitter in her eyes, and she handles her chips like a professional.

She's losing, and she has been losing right along, until finally up goes her last stack, which she watches as a cat watches a mouse. There may be life or death in that last stack of hers.

Who knows?

The clicking ball sounds sharp upon the tense silence of the room. Not even a dress rustles.

The magnificent bosom of the brunette heaves and swells like a billow, and she leans back in her chair and half closes her eyes.

"Double eagle!" drawls the dealer, as he reaches out his hand for the chips.

"The devil," she says.

"No, a double eagle," responds the dealer, with a smile.

"Same thing," she replies, tersely.

She casts her eye down the line of players, and then she slowly slips a great, blazing, marquise ring off her third finger and nervously holds it out to the dealer.

"Let me have another stack."

"Can't do it. We're not pawnbrokers. Would like to oblige you, but it's against the rules."

"I'll redeem it to-morrow."

There is just the faintest touch of pleading in her voice.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it."

She puts the ring back and quietly slips away from the table.

What is it, a tragedy or a comedy?

Another woman takes her place and the game goes on—I was going to say merrily.

Other women press in to reach that magic table that pours forth riches—sometimes—at a touch.

Half of them have eager eyes; all of them have flushed faces, and they are all looking for winnings. Just to find the right number—which pays thirty-five for one—a few times, and then a new gown.

Thirty-five to one!

That's the will-o'-the-wisp that draws them on. Men figure systems; women never do.

"Isn't she lucky?"

"I wish it was mine!"

That's at the faro table.

A slight little woman with blue eyes and blonde hair has just cashed her chips—\$123—and she is smiling as though she owned the whole world.

To glance at her you wouldn't think she was twenty, but look closely and see those little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. They tell the tale.

She belongs at the Casino.

She's one of the fisher maidens, one of the Greek slaves, one of the villagers, one of the sailors—it all depends upon what the play is—and her name never by any chance gets on the bills.

Immediately faro takes a boom, and the other tables lose some of their players.

Fickle women.

If they can't grasp fortune, they at least want to bask in the sunshine of it.

"Damned if I didn't need it!" says

forces her way through the knot of excited women and bends over the prostrate figure. A few minutes' work brings her around, and a drink of brandy is the finishing touch.

"What is it?" asked the woman who had fallen.

"Nothing at all; you're all right now."

Then wan, weak and pale she is led to a side room to recover.

She throws herself down on the couch and buries her face in her hands.

"What will I do. Oh, what will I do?" she moans.

"I dare not go home now. I dare not."

This colored maid is as clever in her way as the dealers, and she promptly pours out another big drink of brandy.

"Take this, honey. It will make you feel a little

England about a year ago to fight Ben Jordan, England's premier featherweight. It will be remembered that Curry was quite ill during his sojourn in England, the result of violent sea sickness, which attacked him during the trip across the Atlantic. This developed into a bronchial affection, and when he returned to America he underwent an operation, but failed to recover. His friends, comprising an association known as the "Boys from Horns," have arranged a testimonial for him, the proceeds of which will be devoted to sending him to Denver, Col., to recuperate.

Curry is unquestionably one of the best boxers in the featherweight division we have ever had, and had it not been for his unfortunate illness would undoubtedly have made a bold bid for championship honors. With the return of health he may yet be able to do some good fighting. While he is in the West he will endeavor to get on some bouts and prove himself at least to be even now the superior of the local talent.

TIM KEARNS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Tim Kearns of Boston was matched last week at the POLICE GAZETTE office to try conclusions with Matty Matthews at one of the weekly boxing shows to be given by the Youngstown Athletic Club in a few weeks. Kearns' great showing in this vicinity during the last few months has certainly advanced him, considerably in the lightweight class, and as Matchmaker Ryan of the Youngstown club, thought he would make a good fight with Matthews he immediately offered the managers of both fighters a purse for their men to contest for. Jack Dougherty, manager of Matthews, and Al McMurray, manager of Kearns, quickly agreed upon terms for the match and immediately wired Ryan telling him to send on the articles of agreement for them to sign. If the match is arranged the men will fight at 138 pounds, weigh in at 3 o'clock on the day of the battle.

Sketches in Gay New York. These stories will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE every week. They will be worth reading. Don't miss a copy. Why not subscribe?

GAVE TWO HOGS FOR A WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A prosperous young farmer of Millport, N. Y., who was too bashful to visit the girls in the neighborhood, and who swore he could never screw up courage enough to ask one of them to marry him, set about getting a helpmeet in a purely commercial way.

One of his neighbors had a surplus of marriageable daughters. To him the young farmer went with a proposition. He said he would give two fat hogs and seven bushels of oats for the eldest daughter.

"Take her," quickly answered the father of the girl.

The prospective father-in-law examined the porkers, ran his fingers through the oats and pronounced the goods above the average and entirely satisfactory. The young man took a shy glance at the woman and hastily remarked that she'd do. She was

better. Maybe you'll have more luck next time." And the woman, who would have taken cyanide of potassium, if it had been offered her, takes it and drinks it, and it stifles her feelings.

It stuns her.

One more and her offense doesn't seem half so bad. Of course, she ought not have taken the money, but her husband will not care.

Another drink and she has an explanation for that husband on the end of her tongue.

And then she is bundled out, maudlin but hopeful, while the roulette man calls out monotonously:

"Double eagle."

And they all lose.

Ike Swift.

"DOLLY OF THE CASINO"

Will be Number 2 of the sketches in Gay New York. Look out for it next week. It will be worth reading and the greater part of it is true. From a ball bedroom to a swell apartment. You can't afford to miss it.

GEO. H. CARRICK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Geo. H. Carrick is one of the best pool players in the State of Massachusetts. After eleven weeks' play he remained undefeated in the contest for the inter-club championship.

J. H. RUSH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Our portraits this week include one of J. H. Rush, one of the best amateur short distance runners in the country. He is a member of the Chicago Athletic Association, but now that that club has decided to give up athletics it is said that Rush will join either the New York or Knickerbocker athletic clubs of New York city.

EDDIE CURRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Not much has been heard recently about Eddie Curry, the plucky little New York fighter who went to



She Carefully Put Her Winnings in Her Stocking.

the little singer, and she lifts up her dress and silk skirts and stows the roll in her stocking, where it can nestle up to a plump and well-rounded calf of elegant proportion.

"I've got half my rings in hock, besides my seal skin, and my rent's due to-morrow, and my friend has gone to Florida for his health. It was a life-saver for me."

The play goes furiously on; some of them double their stakes in the hope of coaxing fortune on by liberality.

Suddenly a player shrieks, throws her hands up in the air and then falls writhing out of the chair prone upon the heavily carpeted floor.

Instantly everything is confusion and excitement. Only the dealers, cautiously closing the drawers which hold the money, remain placid.

Nerve is a dealer's stock in trade. Without it he might just as well go out and get a job in the street cleaning department.

"She's fainted."

"No; can't you see she has a fit?"

A trim colored woman with a bottle of smelling salts

comes forward.

"Blessed if it doesn't do it!"

"It's no use, she's dead!"

"No; can't you see she has a fit?"

A trim colored woman with a bottle of smelling salts

comes forward.

"Blessed if it doesn't do it!"

"It's no use, she's dead!"

"No; can't you see she has a fit?"

A trim colored woman with a bottle of smelling salts

comes forward.



Uncle John From Jersey.

twenty-five years of age, but strong, buxom and not ill-favored.

The bargain was closed, and the couple were married. They are keeping house on the farm and seem happy and contented.

FIGHTERS AND THEIR RECORDS

All the champions to date, with portraits, in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for '90. Order your copy at once. Price, 10 cents.

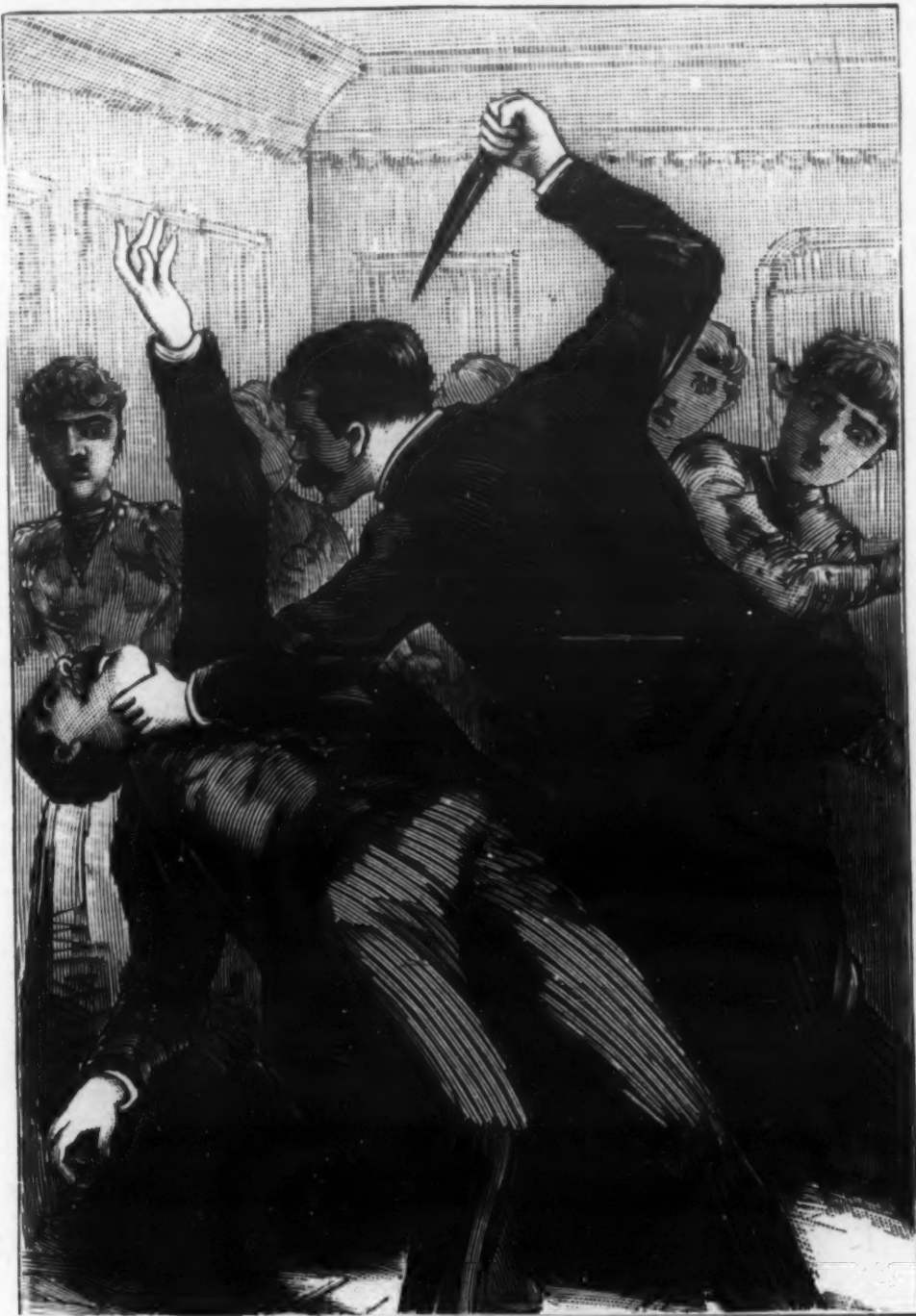
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

"DOLLY OF THE CASINO"---A GREAT STORY---SEE NEXT WEEK'S POLICE GAZETTE. Order at Once



VIRGINIA EARLE.

PLAYING A LEADING PART IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE
THEATRE. NEW YORK CITY.



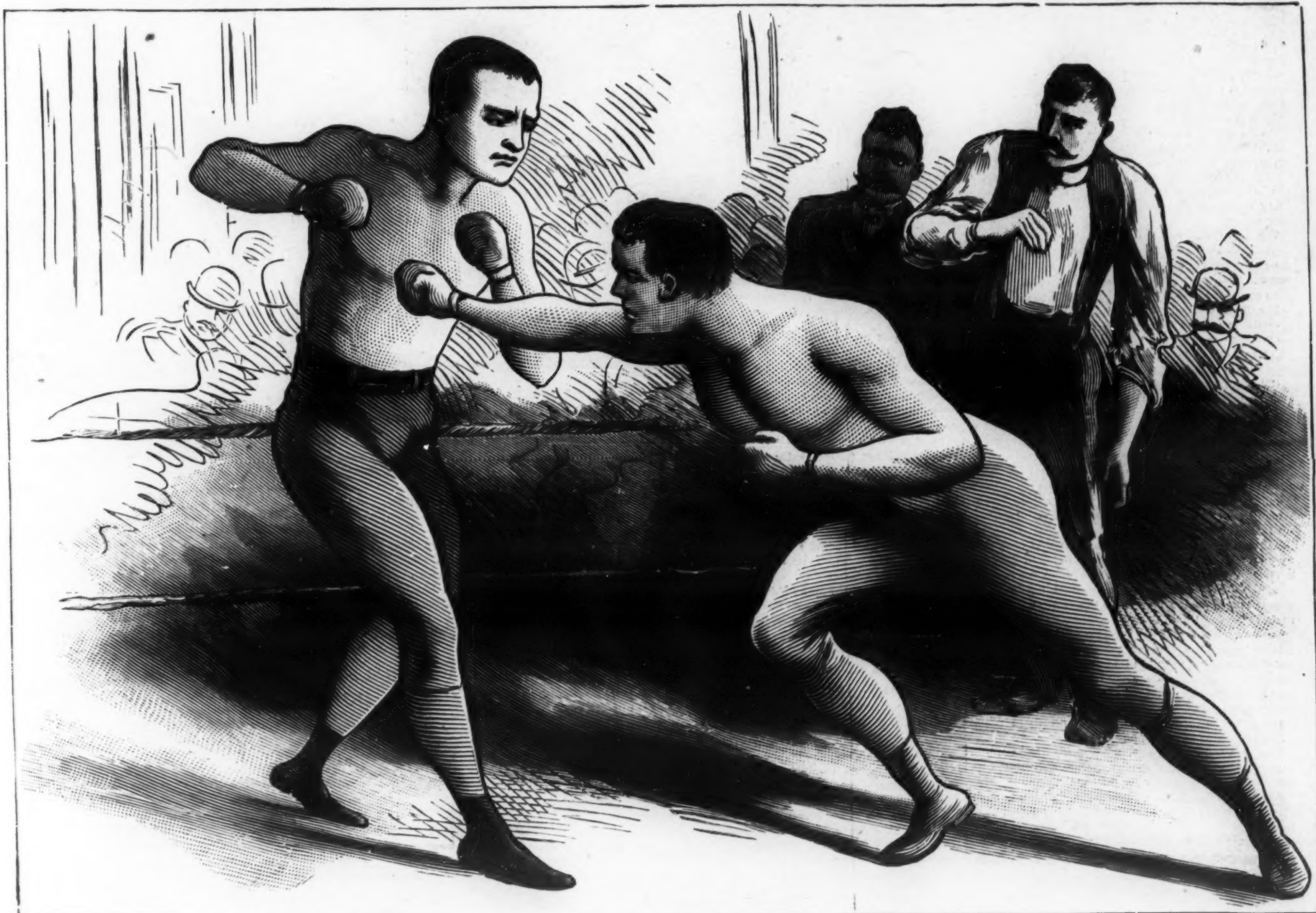
STABBED AT A WEDDING.

ANDREW DEBRO KILLED BY JOHN HADRIG DURING BRIDAL FESTIVITIES AT PORT KENNEDY, PA.



KILLED WITH A RAZOR.

ANGRY MAN OF WASHINGTON, ME, ASSASSINATES HIS WIFE AND SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD STEP-DAUGHTER.



GARDNER AND FLAHERTY FIGHT A DRAW.

SPLendid TWENTY-ROUND BATTLE BETWEEN FEATHERWEIGHTS AT HARTFORD, CONN., WITH HONORS EVEN.

SOUBRETTES BREAK INTO A BRAND NEW MINING TOWN

One Becomes Engaged to a Miner Two Hours After the First Show, Which is Quick, Even for a Camp.

SIX OF THE PRETTIEST OF THEM MARRY GOLD DIGGERS.

Story of the "Pink-Cheeked Lady" Who Had the First Piano in Town and How Citizens Stopped Its Music---She Slept on the Instrument.

Near Canon City, Colorado, a new Dawson City has sprung up. It is named after a young man named Dawson who discovered gold in one of the ravines near Grape Creek.

It doesn't make any difference how he found the gold. He found it and that's enough.

This story doesn't deal with the discovery. It tells of the story of a new town.

When young Dawson found the precious yellow metal the only house near his place was the log cabin which he called home.

The news of the great find reached Canon City, five miles away, and inside of ten hours hundreds of men and women were on their way to the new Klondyke.

Some had wagons and some were mounted on horses and mules, while others, who could afford neither, were compelled to walk.

In ten hours more the new town was started on the rocky hillside and was well under way. Men and women had staked claims and were hard at work looking for the yellow metal. Streets were laid out and camp fires were blazing and a Tenderloin was started.

In twenty-four hours there was a town of 900 inhabitants with a Delmonico restaurant and a Dawson hotel. The Delmonico restaurant sold ham and eggs at fifty cents a throw, and coffee in tin cups at fifteen cents a cup.

In the Hotel Dawson the men slept in blankets on the dirt floor. The next day there was competition for the erection and opening for business of "The Little Astor House," "The Waldorf" and "The Empire Chop House."

The red-gowned, pink-cheeked gayety girls, usually the first to make their appearance in a new mining camp, were entirely absent that first morning at Dawson. A few of them came in before nightfall to grace the brand new dance hall tent. But they discreetly kept themselves in seclusion.

That night there was a variety theatre in operation, more saloons, more tents and more wagons and more open-air camps.

The population had increased to 2,000. The stakes which had been set up to claim mines, according to mining law, now stood up like stubble on the mountain sides. They extended three miles east of the first discovery, the Copper King mine, seven miles west of it and stretched two to three miles up and down the adjoining gulches.

On the second day of the town's existence a regular stage line was put into operation. There are now three stage lines in operation, with vehicles consisting of everything from one-horse Canon City milk wagons to the picturesque old red Concord six-horse coaches. They make almost hourly trips from Canon City to the new camp.

The next day, Sunday, the town was regularly surveyed. The straggling lanes between the tents along the rough hillside were called streets. The sale of lots began. "Business property" on Main street sold as high as \$600 a lot.

For the first few days it was a town without a mayor, a sheriff or a single officer of the law. Yet there was no lawlessness. There were a few fist fights over the right to stake claims and locate on town lots. Some men slept on their claims with cocked guns.

But there was no shooting. The old method of baptizing a new camp in blood was not carried out.

After that the fun began, and a bunch of soubrettes struck town. They had a manager who brought a tent with him, which showed that he knew something about mining camps. He set the tent, fixed up a rude, board stage, and advertised on a sheet of brown paper nailed to a tree that the "New Dawson Beauties" would give a select performance that evening, during which would be introduced singing and dancing strictly up to date.

At the hour set for the show the tent was crowded, by men who had paid a dollar apiece to see it.

The girls seemed to have as much fun as the spectators, and the dancing turns were not very finished, because so many of the boards in the stage were loose and so interfered with the steps.

It was a hot show, anyhow, and when it was over the miners begged the manager to remain in town for a month, promising to build him a playhouse.

Two hours after the show one of the girls announced that she had become engaged to a man who had a fine claim on the principal street. No champagne had arrived, so her companion drank her health in plain whiskey, which they took out of tin cups.

The free-and-easy ladies, who always have pink cheeks and wear gaudy wrappers, were very much in evidence, and one, more enterprising than the others, paid a wagon man \$50 to bring a piano from Carson City. She made the first music in the new town, and it was kept up until 4 o'clock in the morning, when half a dozen citizens who didn't care for that sort of

thing called on her and said if she didn't shut up shop—or tent—and stop the music, they would shoot it full of holes.

Being a gentle, timid, retiring person, and afraid of firearms, she promptly complied with the request of the committee, and the lights went out, while she went to sleep on the piano.

From that time on the new town of Dawson has seen hot times. The manager who brought the ten soubrettes to town, had to leave six behind because they had



The First Show in the New Dawson City Theatre was a Warm One.

married men who were getting rich every minute, and the girls who are married are thinking of forming a Dawson City Vau-deville Company, and having their new husbands build a theatre for them.

They were the cream of the troupe, and are confident they can put up a show that will please anybody.

STRUCK WITNESS.

[ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a wild and sensational scene in a Cincinnati, O., court room the other day, when a woman charged with habitual drunkenness, objecting to the testimony of a witness, made a fierce attack upon him. She called him vile names and slapped his face.

"Dolly of the Casino." Second of the series of sketches in Gay New York, next week. Don't miss it. It's a warm story.

BILLY HAD FUN WITH THE DANCERS

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fine big Billy goat not only raised a ruction, but started a fire in the rooms of the Crescent Athletic Club at Elizabethport, N. J., the other night, and nearly caused the destruction of the house.

The goat had been bedecked with ribbons at the club's annual masquerade ball, and had paraded in the grand march as a mascot. After the ball was over the goat was led back to the clubrooms and was locked up in a large room, where the merry masqueraders placed the fancy costumes worn by them at the ball.

The goat was tied, but in some manner it managed to secure its liberty, and in revenge for the indignity put upon him he butted over a table in the room on which stood a lighted lamp. The lamp was broken by the

fall, and the burning oil flowing over the floor set fire to the room. The smoke was seen by Henry Carroll, who lives nearby, and he ran and notified the police. Officer McCracken hastened to the club's headquarters, burst in the doors and found the place filled with smoke and the interior of one room ablaze. The officer, with the help of others, subdued the flames, but not before the interior of the room was considerably damaged and a number of the masquerade suits had been burned.

The goat, the author of the mischief, escaped with a slight scorching. The club's mascot is now for sale.

STAGE FAVORITES AT FISTICUFFS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was an interesting scene in the cork room of a Denver, Col., variety theatre the other night when two of the most popular actresses who ever wore tights or opened a bottle of wine became involved in a row over a man and fought it out with their little fists while the man looked on. They scratched each other's faces and tore each other's hair until they were compelled to stop by the stage manager, who heard the row and rushed in.

The POLICE GAZETTE to-day is worth double the price asked for it. It contains better illustrations and better reading matter than any other weekly published, to say nothing of those great supplements.

"GET IN QUICK; HERE COMES THE LANDLORD."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a good story going round Washington concerning a young woman who is in a current bill at a

local playhouse. This charmer has been some time in the national capital, and she is registered at a hotel much frequented by sporting men. When the races were on she cultivated the acquaintance of some of the jockeys in search of the dizzy "sure thing" tip. She was in the room of one of the jockeys one morning and several of the riders were telling her some things about horses that could get money from the bookmakers, when the approach of the proprietor was announced. The jockeys pretended great consternation at the prospect of the discovery of her presence in the room, and urged her to conceal herself in a roomy trunk that had been emptied of its contents, promising to get the boniface down to the bar

PROMINENT AND POPULAR BARBERS

All Are Worth a Place in the Police Gazette Gallery.

SOME HAVE FINE RECORDS.

They All Believe in the Police Gazette and Say it Draws Trade.

The POLICE GAZETTE this week prints another page of portraits of the gentlemen who are always calling "Next," and it takes pleasure in presenting to the reading public a particularly fine looking group of men.

Charles Bordner of Toledo, O., is popularly known as "Shorty." He owns one of the finest shops in what is known as Air Line Junction, and he is considered to be one of the best artists in the city. He is a constant reader of the POLICE GAZETTE and he says he might as well be without his business as without the popular sporting paper.

Henry C. Froeb of South Norwalk, Conn., is as popular a man as lives in the town. His place of business is at 10 North Main street, where he does a particularly fine business. He is a great lover of fair sports, a member of the Arion Singing Society and the Progressive Club. If you are in South Norwalk any time go in and see Froeb.

Emil Clemente of South Brooklyn, N. Y., doesn't own a shop yet, but he hopes to some day. He is employed at Columbia Tonsorial shop of the Sixth Ward. He is a clever musician, can play several instruments and is a member of the Duca Degli Abruzzi Athletic Club, and he is a director and manager of the South Brooklyn Musical Trio.

John C. Frantz, of Louisville, Ky., owns and runs the Delmont Shaving Parlor, at 1103 Frankfort avenue. He has taken the POLICE GAZETTE for nine years, which is something of a recommendation. Naturally, he thinks it is the best paper of its kind in the world. He is a great admirer of Kid McCoy, and backed him against Sharkey.

Louis Parlari, of Denison, Tex., is said to be one of the cleverest and brightest young barbers in that State. He is employed at the New York Barber Shop, where his popularity draws considerable trade.

V. R. Prevatt hails from Starke, Fla. He is twenty-six years old, and can cut hair equal to any man in the State. His time is 10 minutes. He can shave a man in 3 minutes. He is somewhat of a sport, a great favorite with the foot-light favorites, as he has a large range of acquaintances extending almost over the entire country. He has won all his bets, because, he says, he takes his cue from the POLICE GAZETTE, the best sporting paper on earth.

Joaquin Munyon is the owner of the Sweet Potato Barber Shop, at Alvarado, Cal. He writes that the POLICE GAZETTE can always be found on file in his place, and that no barber ought to try to run a shop without it.

Jack Winningham is the proprietor of a fine shop at Macomb, Ill. He takes the POLICE GAZETTE and is starting a sporting gallery with the free supplements. His place is called the Post Office Parlors. He is a member of Company F, Illinois National Guard, and a typical

soldier. He numbers his friends by the score and is one of the best fellows in town.

Henry L. Kimmerle has the Garde Hotel barber shop at New Haven, Conn. He has built up a fine business and is popular with his customers.

George A. Thomas, of Philadelphia, Pa., has an elegant shop at Susquehanna avenue and Thirty-first street. He has taken the POLICE GAZETTE for years and always keeps it on file.

STABBED AT A WEDDING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Andrew Debro died the other day at his home at Fort Kennedy, Pa., from wounds made by a knife in the hands of John Hadrig.

They were at a wedding festival together and they fought.

ALL THE COMPLETE RECORDS

Of sports of every kind up to December 31, 1899, will be found in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for 1899. Price, 10 cents each. All newsdealers, or mailed direct from this office.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

HANDY REFERENCE BOOKS

The best sporting Hand Books, Cocker's Guide, Dog Bit, Bartender's Guide, Card Player and "Police Gazette" Standard Sporting Rules. Sold by all newsdealers or mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents each.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

HOW TO LIVE LIKE A QUEEN ON FIFTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK---See NEXT WEEK'S POLICE GAZETTE

CHAMPION GEORGE DIXON

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

No Exaggeration to Say That the Little Wonder Has Fought
and Won Over a Thousand Battles.

MET ALL COMERS, BIG AND LITTLE, FOR THE TITLE.

How He Won the Championship---Had to Give Away Weight to Get Matches---
A Wonderfully Successful Career.

(No 7.)

Even in the light of John J. Sullivan's splendid achievements in the ring the fact cannot be disputed that the greatest fistic fighter, big or little, that the world has ever known is George Dixon. His record extends back over a period of thirteen years. During that time he has fought and defeated hundreds of aspiring candidates for his title of champion featherweight of the world, but while his record shows more victims than that of any other fighter in the world the fact must not be overlooked that he has fought and defeated hundreds of others of whom no mention was ever made. These fights occurred when Dixon was traveling about the country as the star of a vaudeville company, meeting all comers and agreeing to forfeit a substantial amount if he failed to either knock them out or win decisively in four rounds. Many times Dixon was called upon to meet fifteen different opponents in a week and to many of them he was forced to concede anywhere from ten to thirty pounds in weight. Many of the foremost pugilists now before the public admit having met and been defeated by Dixon when they were novices at the game, and the distinction is looked upon as more creditable than otherwise, considering what a fighting phenomenon he is. A certain fistic expert recently estimated that Dixon had participated in 800 fights of one kind or another, but in my opinion these figures fall far below the real number.

Dixon first saw the light of day on July 29, 1870, at Halifax, N. S. As a boy he was apprenticed to a photographer. He fought a number of small fights in and around Boston before he attracted the attention of a local expert. He first became noted around the Hub through his four battles with Hank Brennan. A well-known Boston sporting man took a fancy to him and matched him to fight Eugene Hornbucker, of New York, whom he defeated in a round and a half. Cal McCarthy, a young Jerseyman, was at this time looked upon as the bantam champion of the East, and Dixon's manager, without wasting any time, decided to go after the title with his dusky protegee. They fought seventy rounds on Feb. 7, 1890, at Boston, and the decision was a draw.

It was about this time that a challenge which appeared in a London sporting paper in which Dixon offered to fight any man in the world at 114 pounds, attracted the attention of Nunc Wallace, and negotiations were opened for a match. Dixon offered to box the Englishman in America for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. The Ormonde and Pelican clubs of London were rival bidders for the fight, and finally the lads accepted the Pelican's purse of \$2,500 and the match was ratified. Dixon arrived in England on May 12, and after a short stay in London, as the guest of Lord Lonsdale, Dixon retired to the latter's country place, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, to train for the battle, which took place on June 27, 1890.

Wallace proved himself to be worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the fistic cognoscent of Great Britain, for he fought beautifully through various stages of the battle, encouraging his backers in the belief that he would ultimately win; but the sixteenth round was fatal to his chances. Dixon succeeded in putting a heavy right-hand punch on the jaw, which unsettled him, and but for the gong sending the boys to corners, the Britisher would have been beaten. He recuperated quickly, however, and the seventeenth round found him fighting as fast and furiously as ever, with perhaps a little more respect for Dixon's ability than he had previously evinced. He fought more carefully and landed straight left-hand punches frequently, Dixon depending upon his vicious left and right-hand swings. The round was in Wallace's favor, and his friends howled with joy at the promised turn in the tide of affairs. Wallace's success, however, was of short duration, for the end came in the eighteenth round. Dixon realized that the crucial time had arrived and he cut loose and hammered Wallace all over the ring, eventually forcing him into his own corner. There England's champion rested on the ropes in a helpless condition and held out his hand in token of defeat.

There wasn't anything left for Dixon to do in England now, so, with the title of champion of the world, he came back to America, and his next affair of importance was with Boston Johnny Murphy, Jake Kilrain's protegee. This was decided in the famous Gladstone Athletic Club, of Providence, R. I., on Oct. 23, 1890. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 115 pounds, for a purse of \$1,500, with small gloves.

Sporting men from all parts of the country journeyed to witness the fight and Providence was the Mecca of the travelers.

After 2 hours and 35 minutes of hammer-and-tongs fighting Dixon knocked his man out. It was all over from the first. Dixon had everything his own way. Murphy's hard luck followed him in this battle as in his last with Cal McCarthy, but he showed more pluck and endurance than are generally seen in the ring. He broke the thumb of his left hand in the very first round, and was practically helpless throughout the fight. He stood up for forty rounds and allowed Dixon to make a chopping block of him without wincing. The last four were sickening. Murphy's left ear was almost torn from his head, and the blood ran in

streams over his body. In the fortieth round his body looked as though it had been flayed. He didn't drop, but he was staggering against the ropes when one of his seconds mercifully threw up the sponge.

Dixon won the fight with scarcely a scratch. His left eye was swollen a little, but he didn't look as though he had been through a forty-round fight.

That seventy-round draw with Cal McCarthy was a source of much dissatisfaction to Dixon's manager, who wanted to keep his protegee before the public with an unblemished record, and another fight was arranged to take place at Troy, N. Y., on May 31, 1891.

The fight was one of the first for which large public purses were given, \$4,000 being the amount involved, with the same amount in stakes being put up by the fighters. They fought with two-ounce gloves, at 115 pounds, and Jere Dunne of New York was the referee. The affair lasted twenty-two rounds and was most bitterly contested. McCarthy, who was then making a bid for the highest attainable fistic honors, fought like a demon. But he seemed to lack the cleverness

and never really had a chance to win, although he proved to be a game fellow with a gluttonous appetite for punishment. Two or three times during the fight the gong saved him from being knocked out; but at last the end came, and Dixon dropped him with a left-hand hook-punch on the jaw.

It was about this time that New Orleans, La., began to figure as a factor in the fistic game. Some big fights had been held there, and the Olympic Club decided to hold a fistic carnival to be participated in by champions, having for opponents the men who were recognized as the nearest legitimate claimants for the honors. It was on this occasion that John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett fought their famous battle, which decided away the big fellow's long cherished title. Jack McAuliffe and Billy Meyers, of Streator, Ill., also contested for the lightweight championship, which resulted in the former's favor.

Who to get for Dixon, however, was a puzzle for the club officials. He was the only recognized winner of a world's championship title that America could boast of, and to have a champions' carnival without the colored wonder would have been like the tragedy of Hamlet minus the personage about whom the story revolved. But the club was in a dilemma, and Dixon would have had to be passed up had not Jack Skelly, of Williamsburg, N. Y., been injected into the game by a zealous and too confident backer. Skelly had been earning laurels as an amateur. During a career which lasted for several years he had won two or three championships in the amateur division, and displayed such unusual fistic accomplishments that his backer, Billy Reynolds, offered him as an opponent to Dixon, agreeing to bet \$5,000 upon the result in a side wager. The match was made in the POLICE GAZETTE office, Capt. Frank Williams, representing the Olympic Club, agreeing to give a purse of \$7,500 for the bout. The arrangements were acceptable to both parties and articles were signed for the battle to take place on Sept. 6, 1892, the second day of the carnival.

The eventful day arrived. Dixon tipped the scales at 118 pounds; Skelly was a pound and a half lighter. The fight was of short duration. Skelly made a wonderful effort; he showed cleverness and was undoubtedly game, but in fistic science, ring generalship and hitting qualities he was outclassed. For a few rounds he flattered his friends with a hope that he might win, but the realization that he was fighting against vastly

in, and Dixon found himself matched with Young Griffo for twenty rounds in Boston on June 29, 1894. The Australian displayed a lot of cleverness, and although fifteen pounds heavier than his opponent, could not defeat him, and the result was a draw. Six months later, Jan. 19, 1895, they tried it again, this time for twenty-five rounds, at Coney Island, and again the honors were even at the end. Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., was Dixon's next opponent in a long argument. They fought twenty-five rounds, at Boston, on Aug. 27, 1895, and Dixon won. Young Griffo and he for the third time fought a draw, this one of ten rounds, at the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York city.

In January, 1896, Pedlar Palmer, the London bantam, who had just gained a decisive victory over Billy Plimmer in England, took a flying trip to America, and he and George were matched for a six-round bout at Madison Square Garden. Everybody had heard tales of Pedlar's surpassing cleverness, and on Jan. 30 the big amphitheatre was hardly large enough to hold the people who tried to get within the walls. Palmer's reputation as a clever lad was not unfounded at the boxing game. For the first three rounds he maintained a nice lead over his colored opponent, but when the latter, during the last half of the contest, cut loose in his familiar style—that is, his fighting style—Palmer showed his inferiority, and it was apparent that in a fight of any long duration Dixon would win. Every inducement was offered Palmer to remain here and fight Dixon, but the trial convinced him that he was against too stiff a game, and he popped back to England.

Dixon then defeated Jerry Marshall of Australia, fought a draw with Tommy White of Chicago, lost a decision on points to Frank Erne of Buffalo. He then won from Australian Billy Murphy in six rounds. Erne and Dixon then fought again at the Broadway Athletic Club, and after twenty-five rounds Dixon regained his title, being adjudged the winner without a dissenting voice. The contest was remarkable in many respects.

The men had agreed to weigh in at 122 pounds, and each posted \$500 forfeit with Sam Austin of the POLICE GAZETTE to guarantee scaling in. When the weighing-in hour came at noon on the day of the battle Dixon hopped upon the scales with a confident smile. The bar had been set at 122 pounds, and it never even trembled as the colored boxer balanced himself lightly on his stocking feet.

When the weigher got through moving up the counter balance Erne's weight registered 130½ pounds, or 8½ above the stipulated figure. Dixon's real weight was said to be 116½.

His backer was inclined to refuse to permit him to give away so much weight, and as late as 8 o'clock he was considering the advisability of calling off the show and returning the people their money.

It was the little stout-hearted colored champion, however, who settled all argument.

"No," he said, "it's all right; I'll fight him if he weighs a ton."

Then Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, came along for the second time and took a terrific hammering for twenty rounds. It did not seem possible that flesh and blood could stand the battering which was administered to him, but he stood it for twenty rounds, and was prepared to go on had the contest been extended. The spectators who witnessed his game and determined struggle against the little colored wonder voiced their admiration in three cheers and a tiger, which they offered up with all the strength of their lungs after the referee had declared Dixon to be the winner. It was a rare tribute to a defeated man, but it was not undeserved.

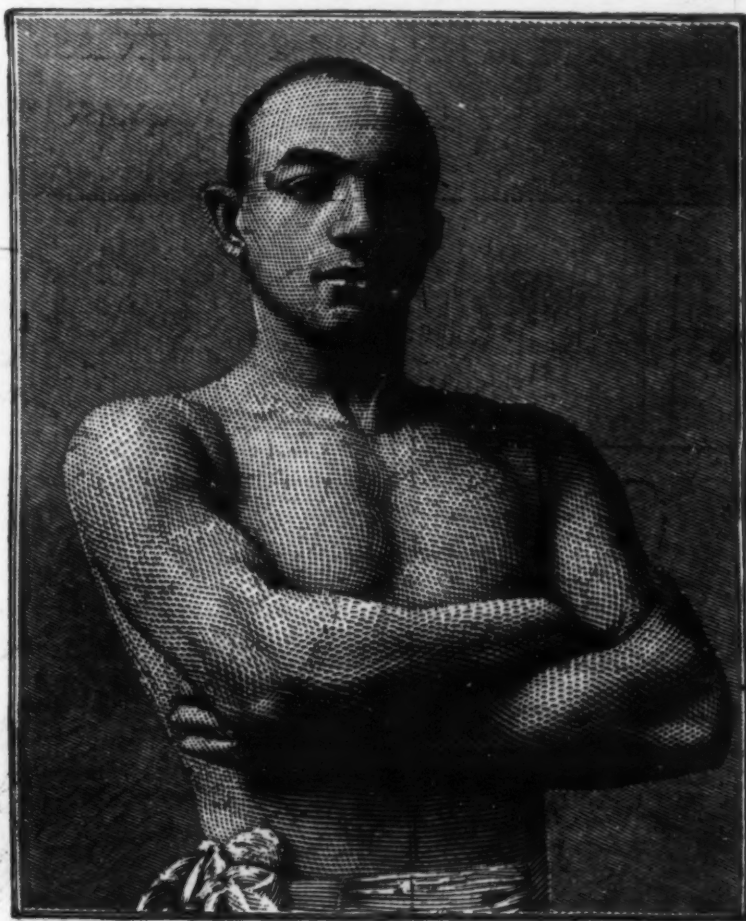
Dixon then accompanied the traveling aggregation to San Francisco where he fought a draw with Dal Hawkins. He lost a decision to Billy Smith on points.

Returning to New York he had a couple of fights before he met Ben Jordan and lost the only international match in which he participated. Jordan's victory was not a decisive one. At no stage of the game did he have Dixon as badly beaten as the latter was by Frank Erne, of Buffalo, when he won a decision over the intrepid little colored fellow, nor again on a subsequent occasion when Billy Smith defeated him in San Francisco; he fought decidedly better than he did when he fought Eddie Santry, of Chicago, a few weeks before, but the fact that his pugilistic ability was wanting was painfully apparent to those of his adherents who were familiar with his work up to within a year previous. He had all his old-time speed, but he lacked the ability to punch effectively, a fact conclusively proved by Jordan coming out of the struggle with scarcely a mark to show that he had been fighting. Jordan was in no sense as clever as Dixon. What was lacking in this quality was more than compensated for, however, by his ability to punch hard and effectively. During the first part of the battle he made the colored lad's face and head the object of his delivery, but he soon discovered that they were ineffectual, and he changed his tactics, depending upon stiff left-hand stabs at the heart and swinging right-hand punches at the body to bring his opponent down. He left many openings for Dixon to land on his jaw, but the latter was slow to take advantage of them, and when his blows did land they lacked power and effectiveness.

Jordan was the aggressor throughout the entire twenty-five rounds. For the first time in his career Dixon evinced no disposition to cut out the pace. Instead of making the most of his ability to lead quickly he contented himself with backing into his corner and waiting to counter or block his opponent.

This proved to be a set-back, indeed, for the young colored champion, but he was not discouraged or disheartened. He fully realized now that his recent poor showing was due to dissipation, and he started right in to correct his mode of living. He trained conscientiously, and to this fact may be attributed his subsequent victories over Dave Sullivan (whom he had pretty well beaten before the latter elected to lose on a foul); Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, and Young Pluto, an Australian who claimed to be a champion, but who proved to be a sorry disappointment. These fights were of too recent occurrence to merit more than passing reference here.

S. C. A.



GEORGE DIXON.

An American Champion whose Record of a Thousand Victories is Unprecedented in Ring History.

which he had shown on the occasion of his previous meeting with Dixon, or maybe it was that the latter's experience had been beneficial in developing his cleverness. Certain it is, however, that Dixon overshadowed the Jersey lad and gave him a terrible beating before McCarthy's seconds threw up the sponge in recognition of defeat in the twenty-second round.

At this time the game was flourishing on the Pacific coast and fistic celebrities from the Antipodes were constantly arriving in San Francisco. Among these was Abe Willis, the 115 pound champion of Australia. He came here looking for Dixon's scalp and little time was lost in arranging a match. The California Athletic Club offered a \$5,000 purse for a fight involving championship honors. Dixon, not averse to risking his title, and being desirous of "cinching" his claim to the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, agreed to fight for the championship.

The fight took place at the metropolis of the Golden Gate, on July 28, 1891, and resulted in a great disappointment to the California sporting men, who had figured Willis out to at least have a chance to win. He didn't, however; he proved to be a very ordinary fighter, and Dixon made short work of him, knocking him out in five rounds.

The next battle of an international character in which Dixon participated was with Fred Johnson, the featherweight champion of England. It occurred at Coney Island on June 27, and resulted in a victory for Dixon in fourteen rounds. Johnson was outclassed

superior odds came in the eighth round, when he was knocked out with a right-hand punch on the jaw. He didn't recover for five minutes after being carried to his corner.

In was in the spring of 1893 that Dixon returned to the Metropolis, after an unusually brilliant season "on the road." He appeared at Miner's Bowery Theatre, where, on May 31, Mr. Richard K. Fox took advantage of the opportunity to present him with the "Police Gazette" featherweight championship belt. The occasion was a gala one, the theatre being crowded with the friends of the little champion, and after the show the health of the latter and the donor of the belt was pledged in wine.

To attempt to enumerate in detail all the fights in which this most wonderful fighter participated would necessitate devoting the entire paper to the subject, and his ring experiences must necessarily be confined to only those battles in which the championship title was involved.

One eventful episode occurred, however, when he boxed Pilly Plimmer. The latter had acquired the title of bantam champion, and his adherents believed he had an excellent chance to defeat Dixon. The latter admitted his inability to do the weight stipulated by the Birmingham lad, and Plimmer proposed a four-round bout for points, to take place in public at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Dixon's backer agreed on Dixon's behalf, his object being to have the latter make it as near as possible an even contest, so that Plimmer might be induced to make a match. He figured too closely upon this, however, and the result was a decision against his champion. Steve O'Donnell, of Australia, was the referee. In his opinion Plimmer, who was a mighty clever and shifty lad, outpointed Dixon, and was awarded the honors.

A dozen or more brief affairs, just to keep his hand

BASEBALL LEAGUE RECORDS

The 1899 POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL gives complete statistics on this most popular outdoor sport. Be sure you get it. Price, 10 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

GAY NEW YORK SKETCHES---"DOLLY OF THE CASINO," A GREAT STORY---NEXT WEEK. GET IT



SHE ATTACKED THE WITNESS.

SENSATIONAL SCENE IN A CINCINNATI COURT ROOM BY A WOMAN WHO OBJECTED TO TESTIMONY.



STAGE FAVORITES AT FISTICUFFS.

HOT FIGHT OF BEAUTIES IN THE CORK ROOM OF A DENVER, COL., VARIETY THEATRE.



"GET IN QUICK; HERE COMES THE LANDLORD."

HOW SOME JOCKEYS IN A WASHINGTON, D. C., HOTEL PLAYED A TRICK UPON THE SPORTY SOUBRETTE OF A WELL-KNOWN BURLESQUE COMPANY.

PUZZLING CARD QUERIES ANSWERED BY AN EXPERT

Readers of the Police Gazette Have a Ready Reference Medium
to Settle Disputes and Wagers on Technical Points.

ALL SUBJECTS HANDLED INTELLIGENTLY AND CORRECTLY.

If You Are in Doubt Don't Hesitate to Write a Letter---All Inquiries Answered---
Bureau of Information Always at Your Disposal.

I never miss your answers to queries. I get more information through your answers than I can any other way on earth. Very respectfully,
H. HARDIN,
Hambleton, W. Va.

Carthage, O.—A loses.
Baltimore, Md.—A wins.
J. P., Louisville, Ky.—B wins.
E. J. S., Swanton, N. M.—B wins.
G. J. Z., Waukegan, O.—Game wins.
L. B. S., South Chicago, Ill.—B wins.
H. McC., Duluth, Minn.—He must pay.
S. A. S., Moose River, Me.—Nothing lost.
A. C. R., Brockton, Mass.—You are right.
W. H. C., Bloomington, Pa.—Referee's decision correct.
J. B., Chicago, Ill.—An old catch hand. Too long to explain.
Y. W. C.—In cribbage, four fives and a jack on the deck.

P. M., No. Grafton, Mass.—Did John Morrissey ever kill a colored man in the ring? No.
A. H., Roslyn, Wash.—1. You win. 2. You lose. There is no law in Nevada against it.

Reader.—In pinochle A bets B that he can meld out; B says you must take another trick. A wins.

T. H. K., St. Louis, Mo.—With three dice, and one shake, what are the chances to shake an ace? 5 to 1.

L. B. S., Chicago.—In a game of pitch bidder bids four, makes high, low, jack; game tie. Who gets game? Non-dealer.

H. E. L., Atlanta, Ga.—In pitch, both have 6 aces; E bids 2, and makes jack; game; B makes high. Who wins? B wins.

T. C., Atlantic City, N. J.—Let me know what the penalty is for revoking in playing two or four-handed pinochle. You count 250.

P. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.—S has 65 points; F makes last trick and has 55 points; in a game of sixty-six. Who wins? Stand off.

L. F. H., Montreal.—If the parties were playing according to custom and not rules A claims the same privilege as C. A can count only one.

W. J. J., Niles, O.—In a game of double Pedro H is 45 and makes high, jack, double Pedro; J is 50 and makes low, game; which wins? J wins.

YOUNG SPUR, South McAllister.—Has dealer in draw poker a right to face cards up on a show down when two are playing it, player objects? No.

P. W. S., Chicago.—In a game of Pedro, A has 41 points, B has 51 and makes jack; A makes 15, high, low, double Pedro. Which goes out first? B wins.

H. W. E., —A and B are playing pitch; A has three to go and B has one to go; A bids three and makes high, low and game; B makes jack; who wins? B wins.

Reader, Lorain, O.—P and J are playing Pedro; P is 43 and J 48; P bids 10 and makes 10 while J makes high, low, jack and game. Which one is out? J wins.

C. H., South Haven, Mich.—A, B, C and D are playing double Pedro nine cards and dealer rob the deck; A deals; B bids 12, C 13, D 14; can A take the trump for 14? Yes.

Rock Island, Ill.—H and P are shaking poker dice; P shakes five tens; H shakes five aces; H said five aces beat five tens; no agreement. Which one wins? Five aces win.

J. H., Jr., Cleveland, O.—A and B play sixty-six; cards are all drawn; A has 67 in count, but forgot his count and B takes last trick; B claims a point. Can he count it? B loses.

E. J., Export, Pa.—T and F are playing a game of seven-up; they are six each; F deals and turns up the jack, T stands his hand, and has high and low. Whose game is it? F wins.

J. M., New York.—In casino, one built seven; there were five, two, four and queen on the board; he took three out of his hand and put it on the four. Can anybody build on that double seven? No.

J. J. McO., Louisville, Ky.—Poker dice, three shakes; A bets that the percentage is against three aces winning; B bets that the percentage is for three aces to win. Percentage in favor of three aces.

E. H. S., Deer Creek, O. Y.—In playing a game of pitch (two hands), if each one has ten points, and the bidder makes low, jack, game, and the opposition makes high, who goes out? Opposition (high) wins.

P. H., Oskosh, Wis.—A and B are playing sixty-six; A leads and takes the trick, and then covers before drawing with five cards in his hand; B claims that he has to have six cards. Who is right? A is right.

A. L. C., Patchogue, N. Y.—Two-handed pinochle; A melds 40 trumps, then plays king of trump; A says, afterwards, cutting ace, ten jack and king down, making 150 trumps; B says you cannot count 150. A is right.

A. G. B., Reed Plantation.—I say that there are places in Boston where they buy frogs and make a business of it. Is every big city frog for table use an article of commerce and generally dealt in at the markets?

M. McP., New York.—A and B playing C and D a game of euchre; A picks it up and goes alone; C says he will go alone against him. Can C go alone against A, and if C euchres can he claim four points? Yes.

S. R., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—A and B play a game of on-top; A gets 21 points, B having 20 points; B claims it is necessary to take another trick before calling out; A claims the game on 21 points without the extra trick. A wins.

H. M., Kemmerer, Wyo.—A is dealing faro bank and a tray-spot is soda; the deal goes on until the last turn, and the other three trays show up for the last turn; A bets B that his money can't have action in such a turn. Who wins? No action.

B. O., Trenton, N. J.—A and B are playing pinochle; A melds 150 in trumps; he sets two queens of spades and the other jack of diamonds and melds 200 pinochle; B claims he cannot meld it because he had the one jack for 150 trumps. He cannot meld it.

H. A. S., Westerly, R. I.—A and B play cribbage; A has 5, 5, 5, 6, 4 which are 23 points and makes a mistake and calls 24 points and pegs 24 holes; B sees the mistake and corrects the score by placing A back one hole. How many holes is B entitled to? One.

J. B. R., Fredericksburg, Va.—A, B, C and D are playing a game of draw poker; A deals which makes it B's ante; C and D drop out and A raises B's ante; can B give A the required sum and make a jack pot, or must he pinch if he refuses to play? He must pinch.

Reader, Dillon, Mont.—A party of five playing stud poker; A is running the game, and taking rake off for every pair, a play, comes up between A and B; A has ace in the hole and B has a king; both

pair on the turn, and B gets all of his money in, which makes a pot of about \$25. After cards are dealt, B makes a pair of deuces in sight, but overlooks them; B turns over his two kings and A his two aces; B, thinking he is beat, gets up and leaves the table. Next morning he is told by A and the rest of the players that he had two pair, and claims the money, which A will not turn over. Who is entitled to the money? A.

Reader, Montreal.—A and B, as partners, play against C and D a four-handed game of euchre; A plays a lone hand, and C plays alone against him; A makes three tricks. How many does A count? One.

J. A. L., St. Paul, Minn.—In a game of cinch suppose one party has 50 and the other party has 46 or less; now if the party having 50 has ace and low (trump) in his hand is the game his, or does it go to the bidder if he makes his 67. Ace wins.

D. L., Anstruth, Cal.—Four-handed game of euchre, A and B against C and D; A ordered C up and then called for his partner's best; then C called for his partner's best, and then A makes three tricks only out of his hand. How many points did A make? One.

R. B. M., Cambridge, O.—What number did your half-tone prize fighter supplement commence with? Where can I obtain a work on probabilities, or mathematical expectations of various dice throws, with 2, 3 and 5 dice? No. 1068. 2. Hoyle, price 50 cents.

Reader.—In a game of draw poker, A deals cards, B opens Jack-pot; C has only a few chips and stays for a show-down; A raises pot; B stands the raise, also stands pat with a straight; C seeing B stand pat throws up his cards altogether, thinking he has

no chance to win; A draws two cards and makes his fourth four and claims the pot, which B also claims on the ground that A would not have got his fourth card had C drawn cards. Which wins the pot? A wins.

P. D., Philadelphia, Mont.—Three-handed game of poker; I was dealing the first man bet; the second man called; I called; the first man drew three; the second man drew three; I drew three; in drawing my cards I accidentally turned one over. Am I entitled to the exposed card or not? No.

G. W. K., Cincinnati, O.—In a game of poker, A, B, C and D are playing a Jack-pot; the pot is opened by C; D and A and B stay in; A is dealer; B calls for one card, C for three, and D for 2; A, in dealing the cards to B, accidentally faces the card. What is A to do? House rules to govern.

W. D., Chicago.—In a five-handed game of poker, all Jack pots, the dealer deals five cards to all except W. D. and he receives only four; C. L. being the first man from the dealer opens; W. D. says it is a misdeal; C. L. says I have to play with four cards; I bet him I don't. Who is right? You win.

G. P. F., Brooklyn.—In a game of poker, where tigers are played, commonly called big and little dogs, which is played largely in the South, and especially at Louisville, Ky. Which is the winning hand: A big dog flush, which is an ace to a nine without a pair, a 10 of one suit, or a royal flush? Royal flush wins.

W. L. C., Plattsburgh Barracks, N. Y.—Four men are playing

seven-up; A, 5; B, 6; C, 6; D, 6; it is A's deal; B begs; A looks at his hand, and discovering that he has a good one, demands that B shall play cards; must B play cards, the trump that is turned to remain trump, or must A run the cards for another trump? Must run the cards.

J. G. M., Lehigh, O.—A has a straight; B has three deuces; A bets; B calls the bet. Which hand wins? The straight wins if straights are being played.

A. G. S., Menomonee Falls, Wis.—If two play the game of 66 in cards, the deck is run out; A has 67, not knowing, and keeps on playing, and B gets the rest of tricks. Does last trick call for point, when B has only 55? A wins.

P. L. R., Prescott, Ariz.—A party is playing faro bank and strings his money out, cooping the odds and playing the evens from the second button; the last turn shows on the case keeper, ace, five, ten; the turn comes also, five, ace being in book; there is no even in the box; is it a stand off, or does the dealer win one bet? Stand off.

E. D. W., Kenville, N. J.—A hunter sees a squirrel on the trunk of a tree and tries to shoot it. As fast as he moves around to get a good shot the squirrel moves around also, and always keeps the tree between himself and the hunter; finally the hunter notices he has walked all the way around the tree. Did he go around the squirrel? Yes.

C. A. B., Cincinnati.—A and B are playing seven-up; A deals; B stands, plays high, low, and as there were no face cards or tens out for game, also claimed the game, claiming that it was a tie for game and the game went to the non-dealer. Does B count high, low and the game or only high, low? B claims there is always game out in seven-up. B is right.

W. E. F., Augusta, Ga.—In casino A claims B cannot play twice out of his hand, namely, there being a four-spot on the board, B takes three-spots out of his hand and builds seven; his next play, there being a five-spot on the board and he having a deuce in his hand, builds another seven. Can that be done? Yes.

C. W. G., Stoughton, Mont.—A, B and C are playing seven-up; B deals and C bugs without begging or running cards; A claims that C must beg and have cards run before being able to bunch the cards; A and B are playing draw poker; A has ace flush and B has Joker flush, the cards below ace being the same value in both hands, which hand is best? A is right. 2. Ace flush.

J. W., Harrison, N. J.—J and B are playing a game of single handed pinochle; J makes diamonds trumps and melds king and queen; play continues and J plays queen of trumps off the table and melds 150 trumps with the other queen; I claim he can't do it? In playing a four-handed game of pinochle, playing partners, is it

compulsory to make trumps if you have a king and queen of suit? Yes. 2. Yes.

A New and Handy File, 10 Cents, This Office.

MARTIN MULLEN IS CHAMPION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Martin Mullen of Cleveland, won the amateur billiard tournament defeating Wilson P. Foss, of Haverstraw, N. Y., and Wayman C. McCreery, of St. Louis. McCreery, who finished third, has the best grand average, the record average and the highest run of the tournament. His friends believe his showing for the week was the best of any and declare he is entitled to a match with Mullen.

McCreery has challenged the Cleveland cue wielder to a game of two nights' duration of a thousand points, 500 points a night, for \$10,000 a side. He stipulates that the match take place in Chicago within ninety days. He emphatically asserts that he is in earnest and names as his banker President McMillan of the St. Louis Racing Association.

Mullen has no desire to play McCreery again and thinks his winning the championship is sufficient to demonstrate his supremacy.

LOCAL CHAMPIONS TO WRESTLE.

At the Central Turn Hall, Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue, next Monday evening, will occur a grand wrestling match, mixed style, for \$250 a side and the lightweight championship of America, between George Rothner and Eberhard Halm. There will also be preliminary bouts between Jake Weber of New York and John Piening of Hamburg, and C. Weisletter and A. Mentaki. A splendid entertainment is promised.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

OUR FREE SUPPLEMENTS OF WELL-KNOWN BOXERS WILL MAKE YOU A FINE SPORTING GALLERY

BLOODY BATTLE TO A DRAW

Oscar Gardner and Martin Flaherty Have a Tough Fight.

HONORS EVEN AT THE END.

Promoters of the Show Decamp With the Gate Receipts.

No better fight has been seen in this vicinity for some time than the twenty-round affair which took place in Hartford, Conn., on Feb. 22, with Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, and Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass., as the participants. The reputation enjoyed by both these men justified the expectation that the battle would be a remarkable one and so it proved to be, with honors so even at the end that Referee Charley White was unable to determine the winner and decided it a draw.

This affair was given under the auspices of the Hawthorne Athletic Club, a new organization, by the way, managed by D. W. Flaherty and W. A. Kelly. After the experience which the fighters had after the show in their efforts to get the money due them, it is needless to say that if the same management ever again promotes a boxing show it will have difficulty in getting talent, even with a rake.

During the progress of the bout one of the club officials "saw" with the money in the box office and when cornered refused to settle. There was estimated to be \$5,000 in the house and when the representatives of Flaherty and Gardner, who had agreed to share on the percentage plan, asked for a settlement they were told to "wait."

As this was all the satisfaction vouchsafed the fighters a free-for-all was started in the club room over Flaherty's saloon, and if reports are true the promoters of the show will have reason for a long time to regret having tried to be dishonest.

When the articles of agreement for the fight were signed Flaherty and Gardner insisted that the club deposit \$1,000 with Sam C. Austin, of the Police Gazette, as a guarantee. This was done and of course the boxers received that amount equally divided, but according to their agreements there was at least \$1,500 more due them which the "promoters" pocketed.

The fight between Flaherty and Gardner was remarkable for the aggressiveness and fast work indulged in by both men. Never for an instant did the battle lag and throughout the twenty rounds the fighting was incessant.

Flaherty's work was not as clean as it might have been, and he had to be warned by the referee to be more cautious. In the fifth round he struck Gardner over the right eye with his head and cut a terrible gash. With this exception Gardner left the ring unmarked. Flaherty, if anything was cleverer than his opponent, but Gardner, in his usual careless way, administered the most punishment, and several times had the Lowell man in bad straits.

Flaherty opened the business by putting a light left on Gardner's face. The latter then tip-toed in with a careless left down-draw on Flaherty's nose. Gardner's next attempt was met by a beautiful straight left from Flaherty.

The Kid hesitated only a moment and sailed in to close quarters, getting his right well on the body. Both fought serenely to the close of the round, and though Gardner had a shade the better of the going the spectators could not forget Flaherty's opening left-hander.

In the second round both went at it any old way, with an evident desire to outfight each other quickly. Gardner's left went to Flaherty's face and his right beat a tattoo on the body. The Lowell man was right with him and showed he had an even chance by sending in some stinging straight lefts and a couple of hard rights.

Most of the fighting in the next round was done at close quarters, short-arm jolts of both men being the feature. The going was decidedly warm in the next period. Both men roughed and wrestled it throughout, each taking desperate chances in efforts to win by a knockout.

In the fifth round Gardner's right and left were worked cleverly on Flaherty's body, but the latter sent in a left to the Kid's eye which badly cut the optic, and for a moment bothered Gardner. Flaherty tried to keep at the eye, but Gardner rushed him like a wild bull, sending in fearful drives to the body, which temporarily halted the Lowell man.

In the next round Gardner had Flaherty waiting for leads. The latter seemed to devote his entire efforts to Gardner's bad eye, but he did not get there until the ninth round, when he opened the cut and caused the blood to flow freely. Gardner, while bothered a bit, was always following his man.

In the tenth round Flaherty reached Gardner's eye and made it bleed again. The Kid fought like a ferocious tiger, getting in some hard jolts and swings to the body and neck. Flaherty resorted to roughing it, and the crowd thought he was trying to throw the Kid.

For the next three rounds Flaherty seemed bent on hitting Gardner's bad eye. He did so now and then, but did little other damage. Gardner tried hard with his right for the jaw, but never succeeded in getting there properly.

The bell rang in the fifteenth round just as Gardner had landed a right squarely, and a chance was thereby burnt up. From this round to the close Flaherty was kept busy staying Gardner off. He did not succeed entirely, and suffered some awful drives and jolts to the body.

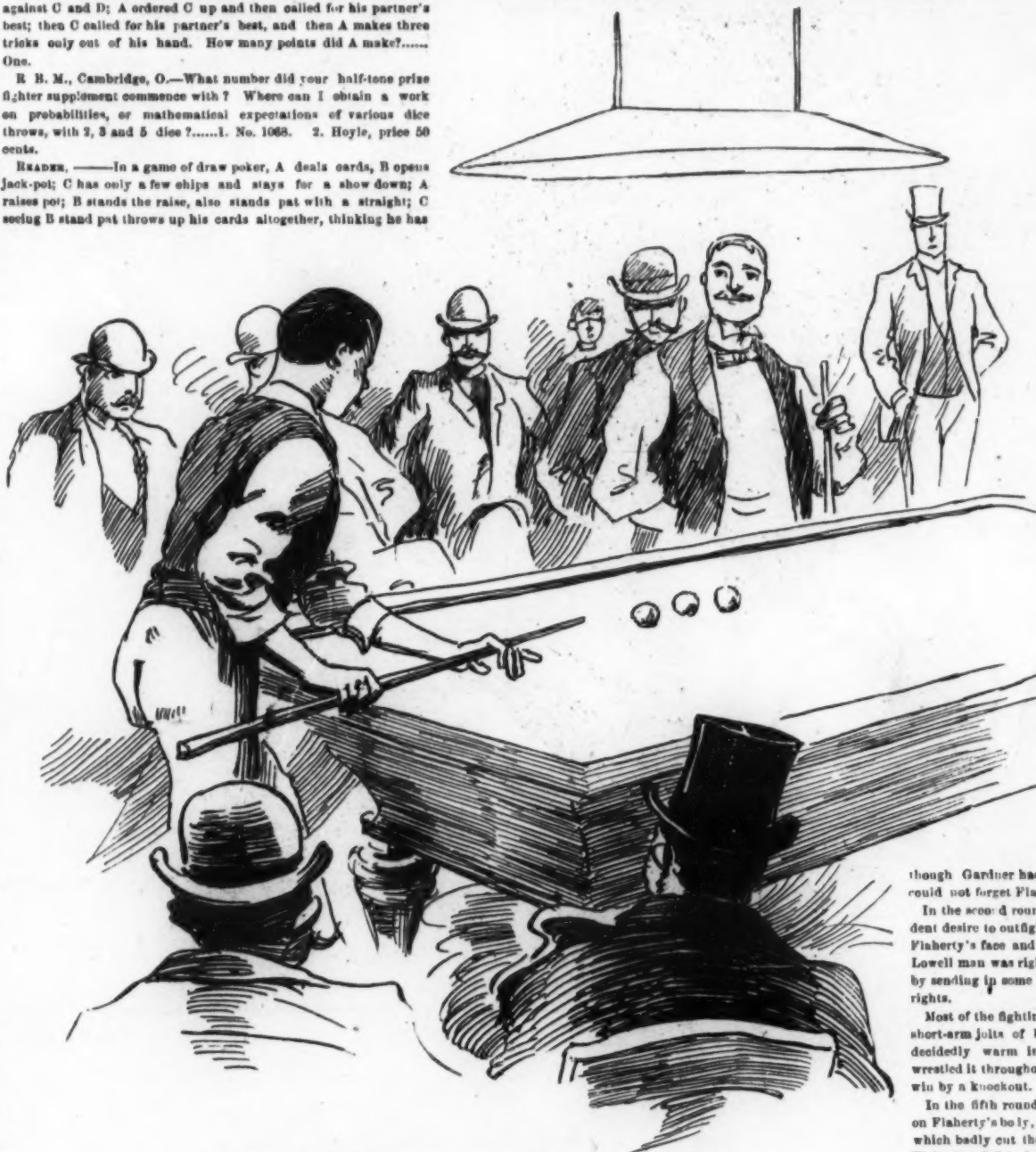
In one of the preliminary bouts Marty McCue, of New York, lost the decision to Paddy Sweney, of Boston. This was a great fight, but many of the spectators thought McCue received the worst of the decision.

The other, an eight-round affair, between Harry Fischer, of Brooklyn, and Jack Ahearn, resulted in a draw.

KEEP TABS ON THE FIGHTERS

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



MARTIN MULLEN IS CHAMPION.

Wins the Amateur Tournament and is Challenged by McCreery for \$10,000 a Side.

PURSES ARE SCARCE FOR FITZSIMMONS AND JEFFRIES

Eastern Clubs Refuse to Bid for The Match and It Will Probably Be Decided in the West.

KID M'COY WILL START AGAIN BY FIGHTING CHOYNSKI.

It Takes More Than One Licking to Make a "Chump" of a "Champ"—Too Much Marital Fidelity for Jack Everhardt.

It is a pretty well admitted fact by this time that none of the big Eastern clubs intend to have anything to do with the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight. The only bid that has come to light so far is that of \$15,000, which was made on behalf of a club which candor compels me to say does not yet enjoy practical existence. I do not say but what it will be an existing fact before long for arrangements have, I learn, been nearly consummated for the purchase of a piece of ground in Westchester county, New York, upon which to construct a clubhouse to conform with the provisions of the Horton law, but up to the present time, the club has a name and that is all. Whether the promoters of the scheme intend to proceed further I do not know, but one thing I do know, and that is, if the Westchester Club does open for business it will have no opposition in the way of bids, for the Lenox and Broadway clubs will make no effort to get the fight, and the Coney Island Club has not yet received any license, and is in consequence in no condition to make any offer for it.

As I have said before the public refuses to accept this match as a substitute for the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey match. Everybody seems to be wise to this except Fitzsimmons and Julian. Of course they are not to blame for trying to put into the soft money which the big matches have lately drawn. He was willing apparently to get it with Sharkey, but the latter's refusal to fight forced him to accept Jeffries as an alternative.

Had J. F. made any kind of a decent showing with Armstrong when they sparred at the Lenox Club a match with Fitz would doubtless have merited serious consideration, but the Easterners refuse to accept Jeffries at his Western valuation, and hence little interest and no enthusiasm is manifested in the now pending affair.

San Francisco has a proper appreciation of Jeff's pugilistic worth and there is where the fight should be held, but Fitz has had his fingers burned once in contact with the "native son of the golden West" and prefers the East "for his'n."

And I don't blame him! But if the East doesn't want it, what are they going to do?

Julian, though, pretends to believe that some influence is at work to prevent the Eastern clubs bidding for the match, and in Columbus, O., the other night he said, very injudiciously:

"If the Lenox Club people do anything that will make it impossible for us to get together in New York city, there will be no more fighting there. I know what I am talking about when I say that if Fitz and Jeffries are not permitted to meet in New York city there will be no more fights there."

How silly! It would dignify such childish talk to comment upon it!

Kid McCoy has discovered that inactivity is more baneful than fighting and training. The "glorious climate of California" has inoculated him with a desire to get back into the game again, and that six months of well earned rest which he so fondly planned has been shortened to a few weeks and now he is ready again to fight Joe Choyinski. The match takes place on March 24, at San Francisco, and promises to be a lively encounter. It will at any rate settle a long dispute. Ever since the Kid came into prominence he and Choyinski have been sparring in the newspapers. They have been matched a couple of times, but for one reason and another they have never met.

McCoy will win, barring of course the always possible accident. He has improved considerably while the same can hardly be said of Choyinski. Ruhl had the latter pretty well beaten up in a six-round no decision affair in Philadelphia recently, while we all know what McCoy did with Ruhl. So, taking the dope as a criterion to judge by, the Californian doesn't seem to have very much of a chance with the Kid.

McCoy must win decisively to hold his prestige. Choyinski, at his best was not, in my opinion, as good a man as McCoy has shown himself. Choyinski is nearer McCoy's weight than any of the other heavyweights. The Kid will not have the handicap in pounds to overcome that proved so disastrous to him in his battle with Sharkey. On the other hand, he will have to fight a much more scientific man than the Sallor. Choyinski is also a good hitter—at least he used to be. He is also thoroughly game and will take an awful whipping, but McCoy, on form, ought to win.

It was a sorry day for Jack Everhardt, the famous pugilist, when in his leisure moments he taught his athletic wife, who is known as Lottie West Symonds in the theatrical world, the accomplishments of the fist art. Jack has left town, carrying with him two black eyes and a broken nose, the result of an encounter with Mrs. Jack, who had left her fighting husband because he had become too strong to work. Everhardt called on his athletic spouse and demanded reasons. She gave him blows instead and chased him out of the hotel. Mrs. Jack declares she whipped him thoroughly, is proud of it, and talks of applying for a divorce.

That is a pretty juicy bit of gossip that reached me

the other day by wire from Chicago. It did not astonish me, however, half as much as what "Hotspur" of the *Buffalo Enquirer* said in reference to it.

"I am one of those persons who do not believe that a woman is any better than a man," says "Hotspur." "I believe that women have certain rights which man must respect, but I'll be confounded if I believe that one of them is to slug a man without that same man getting back at her. If she lowers herself to his level, and gets it into her head that she is a prize fighter and makes a bluff at it, the man is a fool who don't get even. Not much."

Surely the gentleman will apologize to himself, and after mature reflection will admit that he prostituted his talent as a writer when he gave expression to such sentiments.

Referring to women in pugilism, Harry Weldon, of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, proved the nobility of his character when he said:

"The defeat of Bob Fitzsimmons for the championship would, in the estimation of many people, prove a blessing to the ring in that it would remove from pugilism the only woman that has ever figured prominently in the fist game. Perhaps Mrs. Fitzsimmons acted the part of a loving wife in going to the ring side at Carson City, but her presence there was an eyecore to the followers of the game. Home is the place for the wife and babies of a prize fighter. Fitz is the only prominent fighter that had his wife at the ring side at one of his battles. For two years he has kept away from fighting, offering as an excuse the plea that his wife did not want him to fight, a thing people expect from a man who has made his name and his money by the use of his fists. It doesn't add dignity to the pugilistic game to have members of the gentler sex taking part in its details."

All doubt about Jimmy Barry ever fighting Terry McGovern or anybody else is set at rest by a letter which I received from the bantam nonpareil in which he says positively that he will never go into the ring again except to box in an exhibition way. He is now the proprietor of "The Bantam's Rest," at 120 La Salle street, Chicago, and report says that he is doing a splendid business.

Barry's retirement clinches McGovern's claim to the bantam championship of America, and the title could hardly be in the keeping of a better man.

In one of the advance notices of the Lawlor-Dunkhorst contest last Monday night at Syracuse sent out by the enterprising press agent I observe the following:

"Lawlor first sprung into prominence as Bob Fitzsimmons' sparring partner, but soon lost his position, as he had a habit of punching too hard."

Wouldn't that make you sick? Whenever any of Fitz's sparring partners hit too hard he knows a trick which takes some of the life out of their punches. It was in this very town (Syracuse), by the way, that Fitz handled Con Rordan one of those lessons and —

"Psychical palsy" is the ailment which seems to have afflicted the exponents of heavyweight pugilism.

What is it? Oh, merely a synonym for "badly rattled."

A match for the colored heavyweight championship of the world between Bob Armstrong and Frank Childs of Chicago is one of the good things which the matchmakers of the Eastern clubs allowed to escape them. Frank Kelly of the Stag Athletic Club of Cincinnati gobbled it up, and the battle will take place on Saturday night. This will be in every respect a championship match, for Peter Jackson is conceded to be out of the game now.

Childs is a hard "proposition." He has defeated nearly every prominent colored boxer in the country, and also a number of white pugilists. He hits a very hard punch, is fairly clever, and some time ago he knocked out Armstrong in two rounds.

Armstrong is a giant in stature, and was brought out by Parson Davies. The latter had Armstrong boomed as a wonder. After he was knocked out by Childs Parson and Armstrong split up. Then a well-known sporting man took charge of Armstrong. The latter became one of Tom Sharkey's trainers. Armstrong's best bid for reputation was his go with Jim Jeffries, the California man matched with Bob Fitzsimmons. Jeffries underlooked to put Armstrong out in ten rounds, but he made a miserable failure.

Bob's backer is enthusiastic in his praise of the big black. He believes that Armstrong is a greatly improved man and will have a chance with anybody.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Training quarters secrets must be handled very gingerly, but there is something significant in this expert's admiration for Armstrong, coupled with Sharkey's expressed willingness to bet all kinds of money on his colored sparring partner to beat anybody in his class. Can it be that Armstrong proved himself to be more than a capable man in their training bouts.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

PADDY GORMAN WAS BEATEN.

Paddy Gorman and Australian Billy Edwards fought for six rounds before the Waverly Athletic Club of Yonkers, N. Y., on Feb. 23.

It was slated for twenty rounds. Billy Madden was the referee. After a vicious encounter of six rounds, in which Edwards showed to advantage, Madden stopped the fight and gave Edwards the decision. Gorman was very weak from a punch he got over the heart in the last round.

DOBBS ARRESTED IN GLASGOW.

Fights Pat McDonald and Police Interrupt the Battle.

A cable from Glasgow, Scotland, on Feb. 22, says: Two thousand persons gathered last evening to witness the championship fight between Bobby Dobbs, the Philadelphia colored boxer, and Pat McDonald. In the first round the police interfered and arrested both contestants. A scene of great excitement ensued.

The contest was declared a draw. The police having given warning that they might possibly interfere, the agreement between the managers was that if the fight was stopped before the fourth round was completed a draw should be called.

After the opening feints, Dobbs adopted the hurricane method, and a thump on the ribs sent McDonald over the ropes among the spectators. Then McDonald floored Dobbs, who returned again and sent his opponent to the ropes. It was at this point that the police interfered, but not before Dobbs had showed himself decidedly the better man.

Both men were brought up for a hearing on the following day and the case was put over for a week.

PLENTY OF LIVELY FIGHTING.

New York city is not the only place in New York State where the fighting is lively. In Troy on Feb. 21 Tim Callahan, of Philadelphia, and George Monroe, of New York, fought a 20-round draw before the Manhattan Athletic Club. The go was red hot from the first second of the gong, and taking it altogether, it was one of the prettiest glove fights seen in this section in many a day.

Al Johnson and Maxey Haugh, of Brooklyn, fought a 25-round draw at the Whitehall Athletic Club the other night. The fight was somewhat one-sided, as Haugh had the best of the encounter, and at times he did pretty nearly what he pleased with his dusky opponent.

M'CUE AND HOPKINS DRAW.

Mary McCue and Joe Hopkins furnished the star bout at Stamford, Conn., on Feb. 21. They fought twenty fast rounds, and aroused considerable enthusiasm at various stages of the battle. Both proved to be clever and game to a remarkable degree, and as honors were pretty nearly even at the end, a draw was the decision. Sam C. Austin, of the POLICE GAZETTE, was the referee.

ROOT WON ON A FOUL.

He Was Beating Billy Stiff Anyway When It Occurred.

At Davenport, Iowa, on Feb. 16 before the Tri-City Athletic Club, John Root won his fight with Billy Stiff on a foul in the seventh round. However, he didn't need a foul to make him successful, for he had the best of the contest from the start. He got his work in on Stiff in the first round with a left-hander over the left eye, from which the carmine flowed in torrents and the effects of which Stiff felt all through the battle. Root landed on the injured optic in the second round also, and Billy's face was a sight and he was bleeding like a pig.

Stiff was game, however, and went at his opponent in lively fashion in the third, but Root continued to get the better of his man, though both seemed distressed by the lightning work indulged in. In the fourth Root knocked Stiff across the ring and down, and Billy got up just as the bell sounded. Stiff took the aggressive in the fifth and inflicted some damage to Root, and in the sixth round the latter went down, but got up in good shape.

A series of clinches, in each of which there was much pulling and hauling, opened the seventh round. Stiff was after the body, and Root paid him compliments to Stiff's injured face. Suddenly, as Root shot in a left, Stiff swung his right to the ear and Root fell to both knees. Stiff uppercuted with the left and the foul was declared.

DUNKHORST WINS A BATTLE.

Lawlor, the "Irish Giant," Was Little More Than a Punching Bag.

George Lawlor, the "Irish Giant," of Minneapolis, has joined the ranks of "busted pugilistic phenomena." At Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 21, Sam Fitzpatrick, who was trying to boost him into championship prominence, saw him so hopelessly beaten in eight rounds by Ed Dunkhorst, the "German Giant," that he humanely threw up the sponge in acknowledgement of defeat.

The fight was at catch weights, Lawlor weighing 195 pounds and Dunkhorst some 250.

Dunk was in fine condition and gave Lawlor an unmerciful drubbing in spite of the fact that Lawlor had the best of two or three rounds. Dunkhorst proved himself surprisingly clever, and his instruction under Tommy Ryan was very evident, as he used a fair imitation of Ryan's style, opening up on Lawlor's ribs and raising great bruises all over his chest and body. Fitzpatrick's action was perfectly justifiable, as his man had not a chance in the world, and it was a question whether he could last through the round, while the punishment that he received was terrific.

In spite of the fact that he was a Syracusan, the crowd was about as much surprised at seeing Dunk side-step, and duck, and feint, when the first round opened as it would have been to see an elephant doing a jig. He made the tall pine of Minnesota look like a counterfeit all through the round. The spectators had scarcely recovered from their surprise when, in the second round, Lawlor sprang his surprise and ripped

into Dunk in one-two-three fashion, having altogether the best of the round. There was hard fighting in the third in Dunk's favor. In the fourth Lawlor started Dunk's eye bleeding and opened an old sore on Dunk's right ear. Ed came to the front in the fifth, pounding Lawlor's wind hard. Both men were bleeding at the end of the sixth, and Sam Fitzpatrick fed Lawlor whiskey in the interval. Dunk administered some awful punishment to his man in the seventh, using his left on the wind with such effect that Lawlor was in bad shape at the close. The eighth saw the end. Dunk opened up on his man with a viciousness and a force that alarmed Sam Fitzpatrick, who, after seeing Dunk pound his man into an almost helpless state, threw up the sponge. Referee Henry J. Hughes gave Dunkhorst the decision.

ANOTHER BOXING SWINDLE.

Manager Dunn Advertises a Good Show and Then Puts On a Lot of Amateurs.

Al Woods set a good example for Connecticut pugilistic promoters when he went away from Bridgeport, Conn., recently with what he could get his hands upon of the proceeds of the Maher-Stockings Conroy affair. Not content with doing a good job himself he had the satisfaction of educating a protégé, W. A. Dunn, of New Haven, Conn., who gave a show in that city on Feb. 20, and advertised Matty Matthews and Eddie Connolly as the stars of the evening for a guaranteed purse of \$1,000.

The sports did not turn out in as large numbers as Mr. Dunn had hoped and as there was only \$400 in the house when the show was to have been started Managers Roche and Dougherty at once held a consultation and decided to make Matchmaker Dunn put up the \$1,000 in the hands of Referee Sam Austin, of the POLICE GAZETTE, before they would let their men enter the ring. Dunn refused to do this. In a few minutes the trouble over the purse reached the sports and as the fighters refused to get ready for the fight they began to him and stamp.

Roche and Dougherty then offered to allow their men to box for what was in the box office, but Mr. Dunn, who could not reconcile himself to the loss of a few dollars for the rent of the hall and other incidental expenses, declined this proposition also and instructed Joe Humphries to say that the spectators could get their money back at the box office.

In a moment there was a mad rush for the box office by the disappointed sports, and while they were struggling with each other in their efforts to get the first place in the line Manager Dunn, with his face as white as a sheet and the perspiration standing out on his brow, suddenly climbed into the ring and shouted: "Come back, gentlemen. I have a suggestion to make to you."

The sports took their seats again and Manager Dunn, with tears in his eyes, said:

"Gentlemen, it is true I promised Connolly and Matthews a \$1,000 purse, but as I am unable to give them the money I intend to put on a twelve-round go, a ten-round bout and a four-round contest, which I hope will give you a run for your money."

This did not satisfy the spectators, but as there was apparently no possible chance now of having their money refunded a few remained and saw "Button Bunch," a negro amateur, and some white lad go through twelve rounds of so-called fighting, and two boys, aged, respectively, ten and eight years, known as the "Elm City Kids," give an exhibition of juvenile boxing.

ANOTHER WIN FOR SPIKE SULLIVAN.

Knocks Out Otto Siof, of Chicago, After a Very Hot Fight.

Otto Siof, of Chicago, evidently lacks managerial judgment, as well as fist skill, else he would have bided his time before taking upon his hands the task of beating Spike Sullivan. The record of the Chicagoan hardly justified the assumption that he could hold his own with the cagey Irishman. Yet he had the temerity to face him in a twenty-round bout at Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 20, and had the satisfaction of being put out in the thirteenth round. He did, however, put up a good fight for twelve rounds.

The contest was by far the best of the season at the Olympic. Siof proved to be a worthy foe for the best of the 135 pounders. He put up a manly, clean, aggressive and game battle. He went after his famous opponent from the start and landed blow after blow, many of which were very severe.

The Irish Bostonian played a waiting game. He bided his time, and his victory was a grand one.

In the thirteenth round, after an exchange of lefts on the face, Otto put a hard left on Spike's breast. Spike crept close. Otto rushed, but Spike ducked his blow and sent the left hand on Otto's wind.

Spike took a right-hand swing on the shoulder, and jabbed Otto's face with the left. They mixed it fiercely. Siof landed left on wind, but his right was ducked. Otto appeared tired from his own exertions. He tried desperately to land a knockout. Otto swung right and was blocked, Spike's left going straight to his solar plexus with full force. The same hand was hooked to Otto's jaw and he dropped to his knees. Sheehan counted six and up jumped Otto. He was dazed, though. Spike feinted a few times and then fired in a fusillade of drives from all angles, finally landing a full swing with right on the jaw. Otto went down, and Referee Jack Sheehan counted off the fateful ten seconds. Siof never moved a muscle, and the Irish lad from Boston was proclaimed the winner amid great cheers.

ARTHUR G. KEANE.

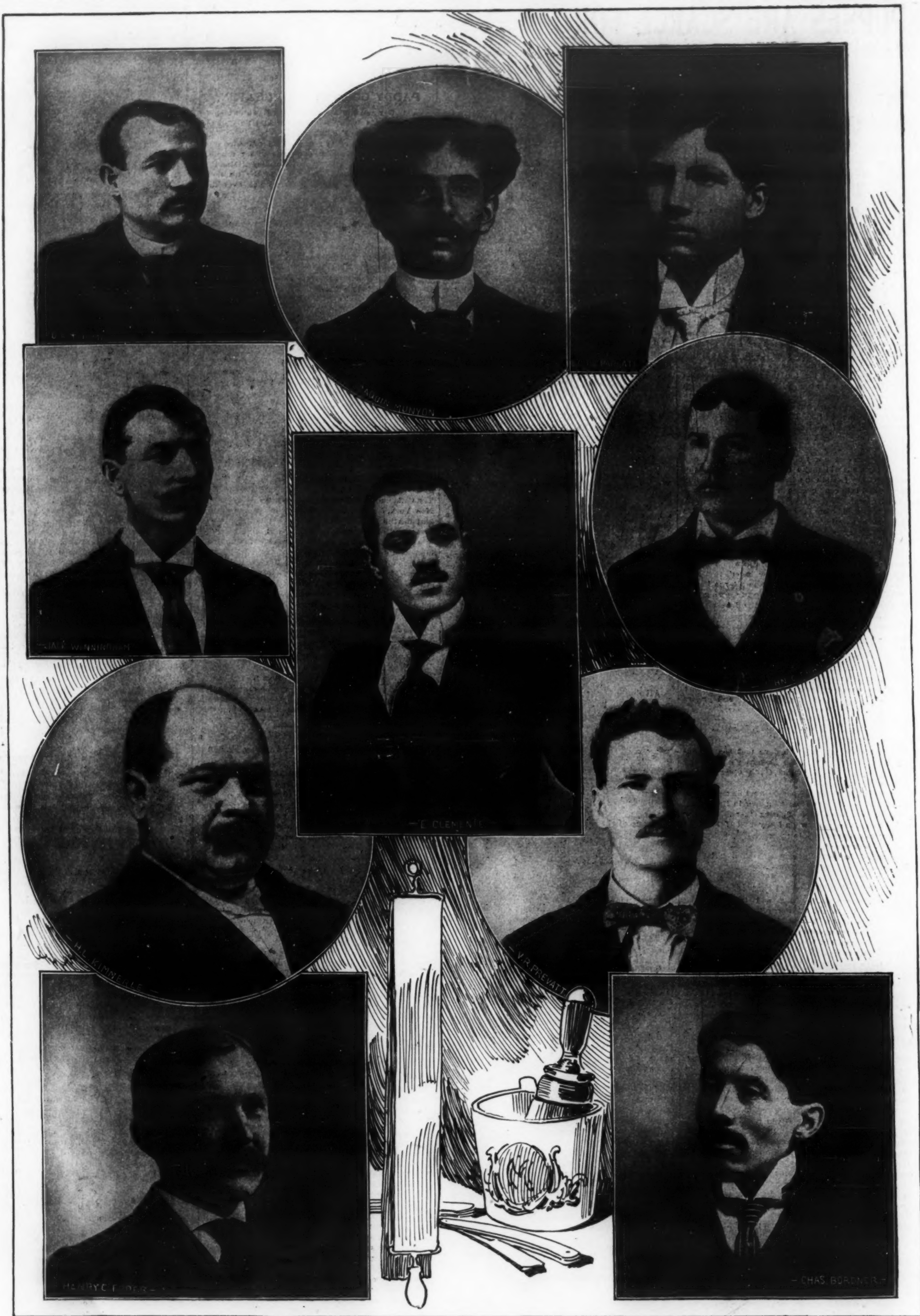
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

An event of much importance to the votaries of winter sports was the victory last week of Arthur G. Keane in the fancy figure skating contest for the championship of America, defeating experts from all over the country and Canada. It was the second time Keane won the distinguished honor. His rendering of the toe and heel movements, including pivot circling, pirouettes and movements on both toes, was the finest exhibition of the kind ever seen.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT TWIN

CORRETT AND FITZSIMMONS. Their lives and battles in the ring. Published separately in book form; illustrated with portraits. Price by mail, 25 cents each. At all newsstands.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



PROMINENT AND POPULAR BARBERS.

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FOR THEIR SHOPS.

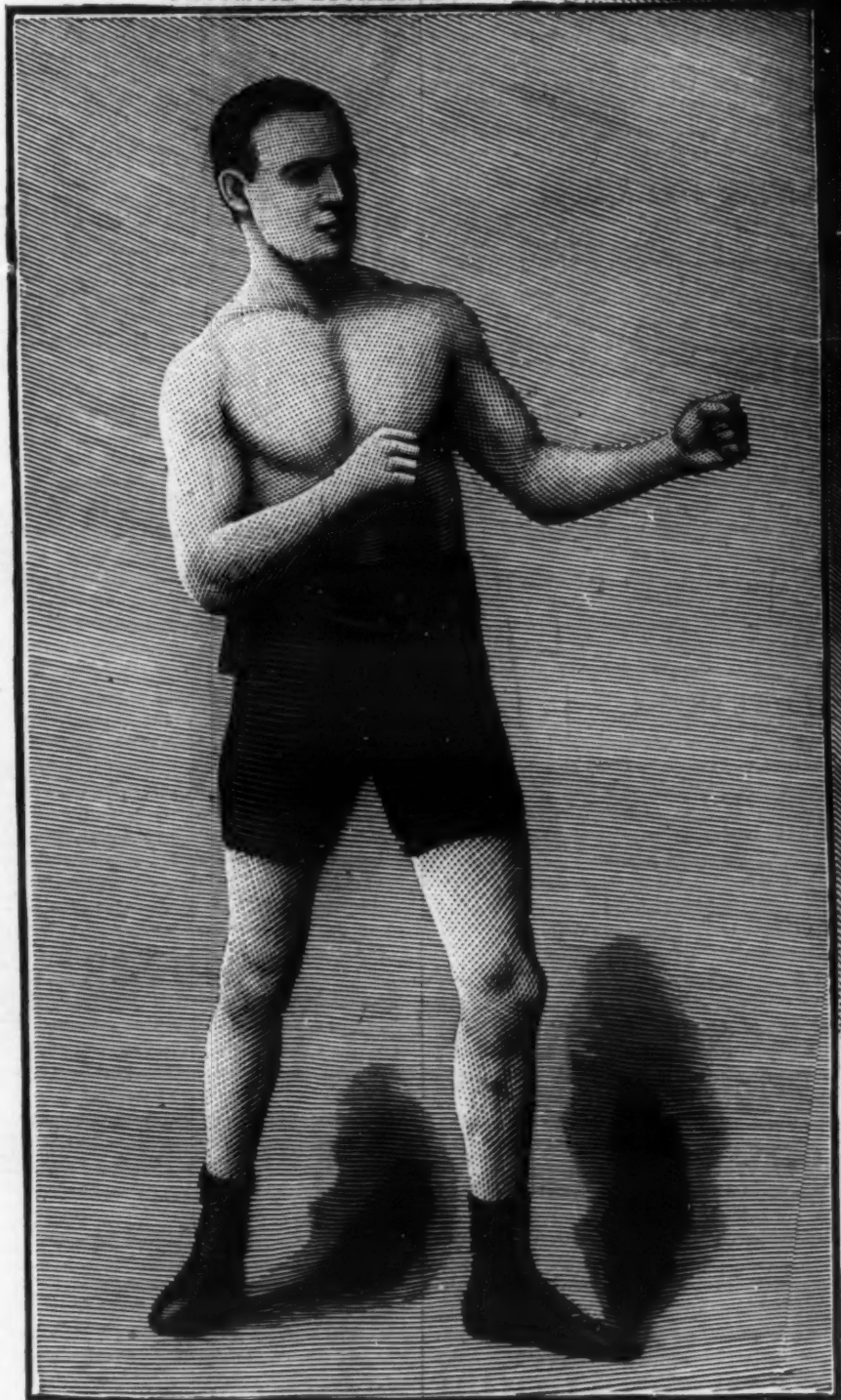
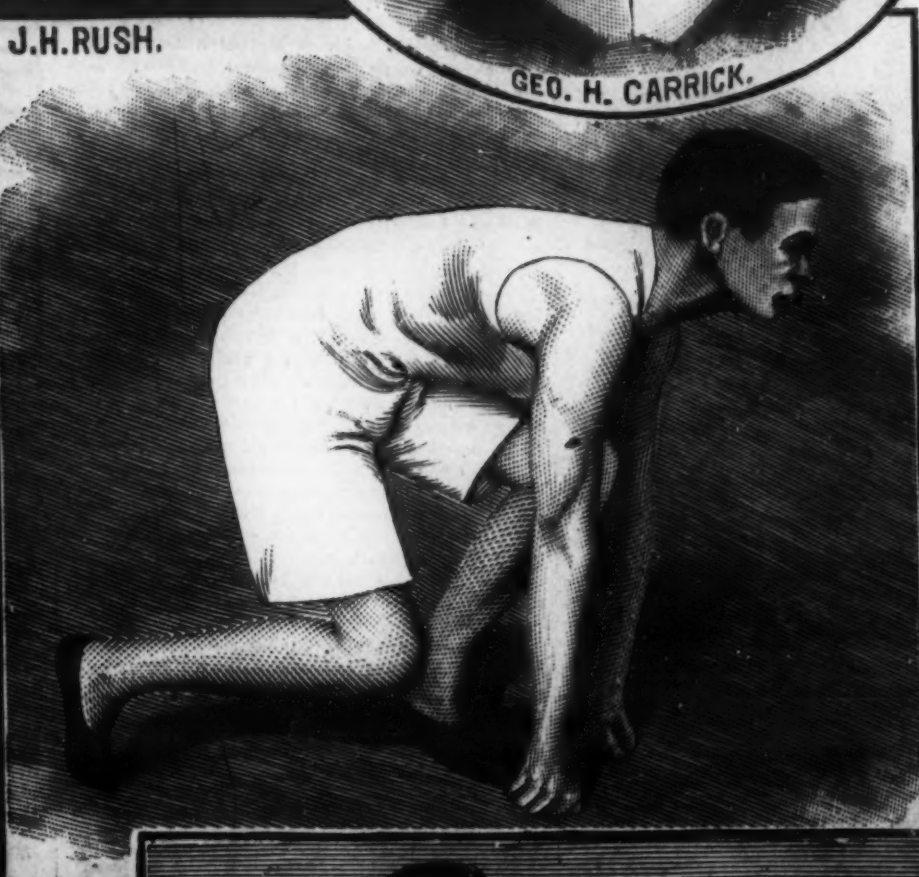


ARTHUR G. KEANE.

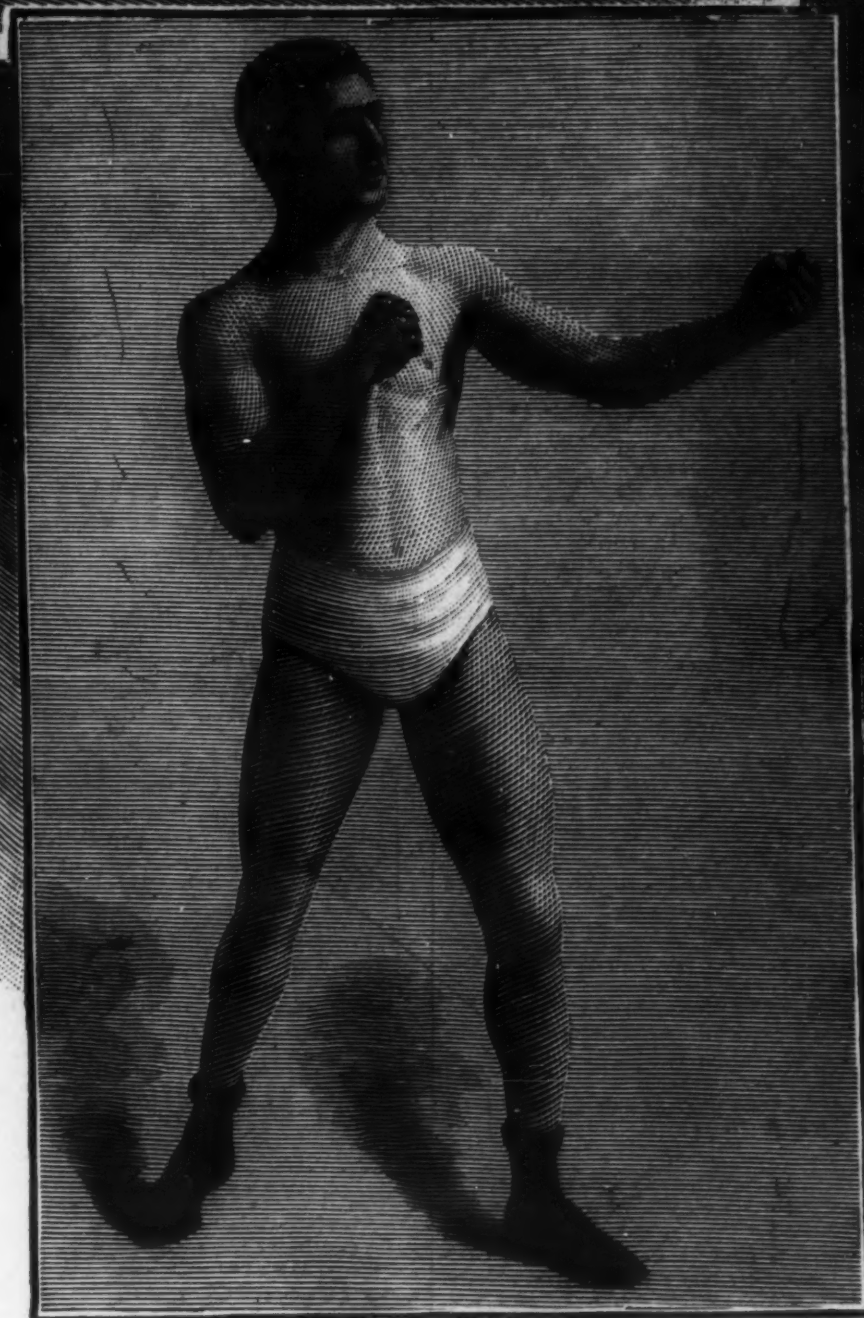


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J.H. RUSH.



EDDIE CURRY.



"TIM" KEARNS.

FIGHTERS, SKATERS AND ATHLETES.
INTERESTING GROUP OF AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE WON
DISTINCTION AS EXPERTS.

BOWLING NEWS AND RECORDS

High Totals Rolled at All Bowling Sections.



LOUIS STEIN

Is captain of the Orientals, of this city. He has been a first-class bowler for a number of years, and was a member of the Greater New York team last season, and is well known at all the principal bowling resorts in Greater New York.

ALLEY GOSSIP.

The Tournaments Furnishing Records and Match Games High Scores.

The Newtons gained the decision over the Old Betty five at Lexington.

The Reading team won three against the Gen-dons in the Interclub series at Everett.

The St. Koch team won a thirty-frame game from the V. R. B. C. at Quebec, Canada, by 105 pins.

Besarik, of the Old Dorchester, rolled 244, the record in tourney series for the season in Boston, Mass.

At Lynn, Mass., the Oxfords won two of three with the Kenwoods. Houghton rolled top score, 202.

Twelve teams are entered in the three-men tourney started on the North Street alleys, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Championship tourney is causing the United Association, of New York, a great deal of trouble.

T. Thomas and J. Gurnsey are matched to roll a series on the Palace alleys, 20 Elm place, Brooklyn.

The South St. Louis team had a walkover in their series against the Southwests, winning five of the six played.

The Sunflowers won a twenty frame game from the Faxon, Horton and Gallagher team by 219 pins at Kansas City, Mo., R. Burke and Millett rolling high scores.

Collins heads the list for averages in the All Star combination, with 110 games already played—177 60-110.

At Postoria, O., the Greater New York team rolled 1045 against the local players, the highest score of the season.

The Schaabs won a series by capturing the odd game from the Westerns at St. Louis, Mo. Peck rolled the high score.

In the Greater Cincinnati, Ohio, tourney the Indians are still in the lead, the Gilt Edges second and Jap a Lacs third.

Brill of the All-Stars won two in a match with Menninger for \$25, best two out of three, on the latter's alleys in Detroit.

The Manhattan five sustained their first defeat in Brooklyn National tourney at the hands of the Prosperity team.

A team from Ivorydale won a match series against a Cumminsville team on Reichrath's alleys, Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the Brunswick alleys, Kansas City, Mo., the Eagles vanquished the Southpaws by the narrow margin of 33 pins.

At Medford, Mass., the home team defeated the Mangus team two out of three. Drew rolled 218, the highest of the evening.

The Buffalo Wheelmen, by defeating the La Salle five, climbed into first place in the Buffalo, (N. Y.) wheelmen's contest.

Robert E. Heun, of the Prospect Wheelmen, holds high score record, 245, on Arnold Schmitt's alleys, 452 Brook avenue.

The Coronada Club of Delhi, Ohio, has completed their series. S. Miller won the championship, Russell Wise finished second.

The Victoria Rifle Bowling team, of Montreal, Can., played the Quebec team on the latter's home alleys, losing by 8 pins.

The We Tens won a game from the Progress team and the latter captured one from the West Ends on Feyer's alleys, Louisville, Ky.

Fred Clinch is only at his best when in the ranks of the Orientals. Louis Stein can tell you that

this year he won the championship of the American National and made an enviable reputation while with the Greater New Yorks.

W. V. Thompson writes that the All Star team are all in good shape, and expects to wind up its schedule in New York within ten days.

The Boston A. A. Club rolled 2714 in three games in Boston, Mass., against the Charlestown five, the highest for the season in that city.

Paul and Schmitt won five out of six in the first half of the match with Rush and Valentine on the White House alleys, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Greater New York team disbanded at Detroit. Sam Karpf started, with Thyne, Clinch and Cordes, Feb. 22, for an extended trip.

James Gray will have charge of Carter's alleys at Home City, Ohio. The alleys have been remodeled and present a splendid appearance.

Jake Petrie, of the Landon Club, defeated M. Klein, of the Henders, the first half of a match series for \$50, on Hender's alleys, Buffalo, N. Y.

The candle-pin game is flourishing in St. Louis, Mo. The Burdocks won a series from the Jumpers, with Anzman and Nieman doing the best work.

Frank Brill of the All-Stars won five out of six games played with G. Phipard on Menninger & Silver's alleys in Detroit last week. The stake was \$200.

In the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, the George Washington Council won nine games and lost one, with an average of 847 8-0. Robert Fuchs averaged 180; L. Laine, 178. This interesting series is rolled on Fuchs' alleys, 87 Livingston street.

DR. ALFRED L. COLE.

Medical Institute and Council of Physicians, 24 Washington Ave., So.

D. D. Lynch, Manager.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 2, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq., Franklin Square, New York:

My Dear Sir—Speaking of advertising mediums, I am compelled to confine my remarks to medical advertising. I have made this a profession, and during the last twenty-three years I have written the advertising for some of the most extensive advertising specialists on the American continent, some at an expenditure of a half a million dollars annually in newspaper advertising. I have tested, with a fair trial, every large daily in the United States, and there is not one that can give so great a result, at so small a cost, as the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, in my line. I speak from actual experience, with no disparagement to any other paper. I am, sir, very truly yours,

D. D. LYNCH.

Advertising Manager Dr. Alfred Cole, Minneapolis, Minn., Specialist in Diseases of Men.

SLOT MACHINES.



The Five-Play STAR

Purely automatic, and entirely new in construction. Has all of the latest improvements, a most accurate coin detector, etc. In fact, a '99 model as near perfection as human skill and ingenuity can make it; its highly finished, quarter-sawn oak cabinet with nickel-plated trimmings, etc., makes it a handsome ornament. Write for particulars and prices. Agents wanted. Automatic Machine & Tool Co., 23-27 N. Jefferson Street (Near Lake), Chicago, Ill.

THE PUCK AND THE OWL

Better and cheaper than ever. Competitors say we cannot furnish at prices quoted. We are prepared to deliver in any quantity and ship with privilege of examination at special low prices. The PUCK, 1899 model, six-slot, \$95.00 each. The OWL, five-slot, 1899 model, at \$75.00 each. Catalogue free.

CAHILL MFG. COMPANY,
152 East 25th Street, NEW YORK CITY.



THE OWL

Our 1899 Model Now Ready for Delivery.

New handle attachment and other valuable improvements.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Impossible to manipulate or put out of order. Beware of inferior imitations.

We also make 5 and 7 slot Electrics and are always working on something new. Write us for the best things in money making slot machines. Rosenfield Manufacturing Co., 687-689 Hudson St., New York

SLOT MACHINES I HAVE A NEW EIGHT-SLOT MACHINE. Send for catalogue.

L. E. COWPER, 165 Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.



AN EVERLASTING INDICATOR for Electric Slot Machines. Adjustable. Fits any machine. \$1 by mail. Send for circular.

C. A. BRAUN, 197 S Canal St., Chicago.

THE ARTSCOPE. Greatest transparent living picture nickle slot machine with series of acts, etc. Special prices for next 60 days, \$22 and \$25. Scurry Mfg. Co., 72 Fulton St., New York.

SLOT MACHINES. 100 Varieties; from 1.50, up. Get our CUT PRICES. New catalogue of CLUB ROOM & FAIR GROUND GOODS. Address, OGDEN & CO., 185 CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SLOT MACHINES. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Catalogue free. Address Chas. A. Wagner Mfg. Co., Vedder and Division Sts., Chicago, Ill.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

FREE TO MEN

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found which will quickly cure them of any form of nervous debility, lost manhood, lack of vigor, relieve them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to, and restores the organs to natural strength and vigor of youth. As it costs nothing to get this wonderful formula it would seem that any man, suffering from any form of nervous debility, ought to be deeply interested in such a remedy, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. The remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination of medicine would be most effective in restoring to men the strength they need. Send your

name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1148 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., stating that you are not writing out of idle curiosity; but wish to make use of the prescription by giving the remedy a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The Dr's. object of distributing this information free is to make men better acquainted with the remedies that exert an influence upon debilitated nerves and wasted vigor. Each different drug is thoroughly explained and the sufferer will thus know what he should use in his particular case in order to get the desired results. Write to-day. There is no doubt about the offer being genuine.

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DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME AND MONEY EXPERIMENTING. WE HAVE THE ONLY CURE

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary SYPHILIS permanently CURED IN 15 TO 35 DAYS.

You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure.

IF YOU HAVE taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary

SYPHILIS

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians.

\$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. 100 page book sent free.

Address COOK REMEDY CO., 319 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

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MIZPAH PESSARY. An unexcelled Uterine Supporter. The center tube holds it in position, and it cannot become misplaced. It is soft, light, and comfortable, easily placed in position, and just as easily removed. Ask your Druggist, or send for descriptive circular to WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch St., Phila.

FREE TO MEN A wonderful process with Action Treatment for restoring Manhood. Development, curing Abuse, Losses, Varicocele, etc. State symptoms, age, occupation. ACTON MEDICAL CO., Dept. H, Chicago, Ill.

TANSY PILLS (Dr. Caton's) NEVER FAIL. The only genuine ladies' relief. Safe and easy. Far superior to Powders, Ergot, Pyl, etc. Sent sealed, \$1. H. F. CATON, Boston, Mass. Book and sample FREE.

PERSONAL.

WANTS gratified. Instantly direct by an irresistible influence, the thoughts and actions of others in business, love, etc. Our secrets the most reliable. Also how to hypnotize, profit or fun. All are susceptible to this strange influence. What transpires not remembered on awakening. Control loved ones by contact, or at a distance, insuring affection and obedience. Habits, weaknesses, and diseases cured. Two books 10c. each. OCCULT PUB. CO., P. O. 39, Sta. M, CHICAGO.

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE! Control whom you wish. Make others love and obey you. Cures diseases. Make fun by the hour. Have and maintain the attention of another! Send for TRILBY LOVE CHARM. Sent sealed and postpaid for 10c. silver; 5 for 25c.; 7 for 50c. Address, JOHN MULLER, 1718 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

TRILBY LOVE CHARM Win who you like. Anybody. Never fails. Quick, lasting. Love of the opposite sex is what you want. You wish to gain and maintain the affection of another? Send for TRILBY LOVE CHARM. Sent sealed and postpaid for 10c. silver; 5 for 25c.; 7 for 50c. Address, JOHN MULLER, 1718 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

DUBBER MALE and FEMALE. Best Glycerin at Factory Price. Catalogue free. N. G. & Keenan Co., 189 Huron Street, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER for Stamp: many very rich. F. F. MAROT, 114-4th Av., N. Y. City.

MARRIAGE paper, 3 months, for 10c.; many rich. Messenger, 13, Stoughton, Mass.

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ARKANSAW DOCTOR By D. D. Rattlehead, M. D. The funniest book on earth, 170 pages, and big bundle valuable reading and circulars of other rare, scarce and curious books, cards, etc., all 10c.; 3 lots, 25c. Lee Book Co., 4, Station '40, New York City.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTRESS. 50c. book. Catalogue free. Parisian Book Co., Marietta, O.

Police Gazette & Sporting Annual 10 CENTS BY MAIL

TOILET ARTICLES.

H.C.B. A wonderful preparation on the smoothest face in 19 days. 4000 bottles given away! If you want one, send 10 cents for postage etc. to WESCON MANUFACTURING CO., 242 E Street, Providence, R. I.

CURES QUICKER Than any other remedy. Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaliba is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhea and gleet and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubebs and copaliba, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation) make it the most valuable known remedy. To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

Syphilis and Blood Diseases

HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Falling of the Hair, Ulcers in the Mouth, Ulcers on any part of the body? They are symptoms of Syphilis! Blood Poisoning. Do not get married if you have Syphilis, until cured. Better take a course of treatment. Dr. Brown's Syphilis Cure drive a Syphilis from the system. **FULL TREATMENT \$10.** Sent to any address. C. O. D. Write me about your case. Send for "PLAIN TALK ABOUT SYPHILIS," DR. H. L. BROWN, 935 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOCUTA SANDALWOOD CAPSULES

ARREST AT ONCE DISCHARGES FROM the Urinary Organs, and Cure in 7 Days. Severe Cases of Gonorrhea. All Druggists.

Big S is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Spermatorrhea, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

A POSITIVE RADICAL CURE FOR STRICTURE

New Method, Home Treatment. Gleet, Mucous Discharges, Loss of Power, Scalding of Urine, Obstruction in the Passage, Irritation and PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT CURED. No operation. No pain. Certain cure. Book Free. EMPIRE MED. CO., 69 Smith Bldg., Boston, Mass.

SANTAL-MIDY Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

WILCOX COMPOUND TANSY PILLS The only reliable female regulator. Never fails. Price, \$2.00 by mail. Take no substitute. Write for Woman's Safeguard FREE. WILCOX MEDICAL CO., 228 E. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

Gonorrhea and Gleet Stopped in 48 HOURS BY CITROSANDALENE CAPSULES. The best remedy ever offered to men in trouble. Positive cure guaranteed in 5 days, by mail \$1. THE CITROSANDALENE CO., 14 Park Place, N.Y.

LADIES' INDIA FEMALE PILLS NEVER FAIL. \$1.00 a box. Safe case. Circulars free. American Importing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

WELL-KNOWN COLORED BARBERS

Moses A. Johns, a Good Man of St.
Michaels, Md.



Moses A. Johns is more than well-known in St. Michaels, Md., where he has a shop. He is a clever man with a razor and can shave a man in three minutes. He is popular with the sporting crowd and is a pretty good sport himself.

He has taken the POLICE GAZETTE for a great many years, and is very well posted for that reason.

COLORED BARBERS!

Send in your photographs to the POLICE GAZETTE office. Get in line and get your picture in the paper so your friends will know where you are and how you are making out.

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

Interesting Sporting Gossip From all Parts of the Country.

Scrappy Joyce says he is going to retire. The game won't suffer any in consequence.

J. J. Collier, the ex-champion professional swimmer, died at London a few days ago.

The Eastern League will employ three ex-National League umpires next season—Lally, Curry and Connelly.

R. A. Stiver is sleighing Little Dan, 2:21 1-4, over the snow at Bedford, Pa. He can show a 2:40 gait any time.

Albert L. Knight of Toronto, a professional sprinter, died the other day of typhoid pneumonia, aged twenty-nine years.

Rochester has been admitted to the Eastern Baseball League, completing the circuit. The application of Utica has been rejected.

George Banker is booked to race at Constantinople, Tunis, Naples and Palermo, and appears to be making a fair income out of his bicycle.

Pitcher Hahn has signed a Cincinnati contract calling for \$1,200. This is \$300 less than he was offered a year ago, when he refused to sign.

A dispatch from Detroit announces that the Tigers, of that city, have signed First Baseman Kelley, recently with the Ottawa team, of the Eastern League.

George Boyd, Voter and Boney Boy have been declared out of the Suburban, and Briar Sweet, Voter, Lambert, Miss Marion and Chatterbox out of the Brooklyn Handicap.

Fred Pfeffer, who has been in retirement for a couple of years is said to have entirely recovered. He is said to be as strong and healthy and vigorous as ever he was in his career.

The old-time English professional sculler, Robert Cooper, is dead. He was a contemporary of Robert Chambers and Harry Kelley, and was one of the best of the Northern oarsmen.

Jacob House, of Alloway, N. J., on Monday won a shoot for the championship of New Jersey from eight contestants. Each man shot at eight birds and House killed eight straight.

Charles Flomerfelt, who brought out Lillian, 2:02 1/2, and other good campaigners last year, is proprietor of the old Eagle Hotel, Willink, N. Y. He will campaign a stable this year.

Senator Rollins, of St. Louis, has introduced a bill which allows poolselling and bookmaking by private individuals, by the Paris mutual machine, on race tracks within inclosures.

When Edouard Taylore, the French middle-distance cyclist, who competed in this country last year, returns this season to America he will bring with him several petroleum pacing machines.

Cloud Pointer, the full brother of Star Pointer, 1:59 1/4, is getting some education over the snow at Mendville, Pa., under the able care of J. D. Heard, who thinks he is of the two-minute variety.

Dan Brouters at first base on the Buffalo team is a possibility. The management is said to be negotiating with him. Jim Stafford may also be secured to cover second base for the Bisons.

Manager Haines, of the Cornell track team, has announced that all arrangements have been completed for the dual meet with Princeton at Elmira on May 30. As Cornell won from Columbia last year, and

the latter defeated Princeton, a close struggle is expected.

Up to date the Louisville Club has gathered into its fold Manager Fred Clarke, Bert Cunningham, William Hoy, Maurice Powers, Claude Ritchey, William Clineham, Edward Waddell and William Hartzell.

Danny McLeod, champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of America, won his match with Hali Adali, the gigantic Turkish wrestler, at St. Paul, Minn., and gave him 60 minutes of as hot wrestling as has ever been seen.

Jacob Schaefer defeated Eugene Carter recently at three-cushion caroms. The game was 100 points, Schaefer winning out by a score of 87 for Carter. The game was long and not interesting, 181 innings being played.

The Australian cricketers are due to play their first match in England on May 1 and their first test match on June 1 at Nottingham. The last fixture of their English tour is at Hastings, Sept. 4, after which they sail for this country.

Billy Marsh, the famous jumper, is going to England to meet several of the best English professionals in match competitions. He is already engaged to meet Burroughs and Colquitt in a series of jumps for the international championship.

Advices from California are to the effect that Jimmy Michael divides his time between the bicycle and the horse, but says he has no intention of abandoning the wheel for a year at least. In case he is champion at the close of 1899 he may ride in Paris in 1900.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGENTS: We give every man or woman a Solid Gold-laid Solitaire Bolivian Carbon Diamond Gem Ring, which we will buy back for \$5.00 if not as represented. It is solid gold pattern and unsurpassed for beauty, brilliancy and durability. We give it free for disposing of 20 cases of Perfumery among your friends at 5 cts. each. Simply send name and address and we will mail perfume postpaid on consignment. When sold send money and we will mail ring which few can tell from genuine \$75 diamond. We take perfume back if you cannot sell. Address: W. S. SINGMASTER, Box 150, New York.

BE AN AMERICAN
Buy a watch made of Steel taken from U. S. S. Maine, at Havana. Deway and Waltham works, cheap as any. Admiral Deway and Capt. Sigbee have them. Their facsimile letters mailed to agents. W. F. DOLL Mfg. Co., 13 Maiden Lane, New York.

"THE POLICE GAZETTE INK"
Used on this paper is manufactured expressly by FREDERICK H. LEVY CO., 59 Beekman St., New York.

LOVE CHARM or how to make anyone love you with everlasting love without fail. Acts quickly. Used personally or in correct postage. Full secret and ten popular songs sent to those having no evil intentions for 10 cts. silver. GEN. SUPPLY CO., Box 7, 41, Austin, Ill.

AGENTS: 910 daily guaranteed workers handling **REVOLVING SHIRT SODOM**. Fight shirt in one's shirt, new! Sample 25c. or write for par. Red-Hot Seller (Circulars). P. G. KRUGER MANUFACTURING CO., Chicago, Ill.

PUNCHING BAGS \$1.00 to \$5.00.
FOOTBALLS \$1.50 to \$5.00.
Empire Mfg. Co., 34 Park Row, New York.

SINGLE MEN Our "Duplex" is a perfect substitute. A new invention for males. Always ready. Guarded 1 yr. Prepaid. Sealed \$1. STANDARD SPECIALTY CO., 265 6th Av., N. Y. City.

THE DU FUNNY For EITHER SEX Sample sent sealed "big" 27c. H. J. ROY, 136 Liberty St., N. Y. City.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS 100 Pages; Spicy pictures. Sample sent sealed. 10c. OLORE BOOK CO., Kansas City, Mo.

RUBBER Goods and agents' supplies by mail; for ladies and children; victoria protector \$1. Mrs. L. E. SINGLETON, 124 Q Van Buren, Chicago.

\$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. CO., Station 41, Cincinnati, O.

PLAYS, WIGS Monarches, Beards, Stage Make-ups, Tricks and Novelties. Agents wanted. Illustrated Catalogue free. Chas. E. Marshall, Mgr., Lockport, N. Y.

RUBBER GOODS of every kind, for men, women, children. Catalogue free. Edwin Hovver & Co., Toledo, O.

GENUINE RUBBER PROTECTORS. Always ready; indispensable, best quality. Sample 25c. 6 for \$1. Box 88, New York City.

GAY FEMALE Scenes. Latest sensation from Paris. Genuinely Rich and Racy. Sealed, 12c. W. N. CO., Box 2102, San Francisco, Cal.

1899 Lovers' phis., up to date, richly illustrated; new Photographs, Post Cards, Fan Cards, Shadings on the Wall, etc. ALL FOR 10 CENTS. Address: S. N. CO., ENFIELD, OHIO.

A LOVE LETTER, 25 the best you ever read, read 7 days, cure to cure. See 27 Photographs, Cards, Post Cards, Shadings on the Wall, etc. A. SUPPLY CO., 601 Madison St., CHICAGO.

FORTUNES TOLD: WRITTEN PREDICTION and **PERCY EWING, DECATUR, ILL.**

RUBBER Goods to suit both sexes. Samples 10c. \$1 dozen. Box 310, Baltimore, Md.

A WIDOW'S LOVE AFFAIR 10c. List select goods 2c. The Derwood Co., Baltimore, Md.

RUBBER Goods. Either sex. Sample 10c. Usually 25c. DEPT. I, BOX 695, Phila., Pa.

BOOKS! Photos etc. Send stamp for sealed circular. C. Conroy, 123 Park Row, New York.

RUBBER GOODS. New Invention. Particulars 2c. stamp. P. O. Box 2723, N. Y. City.

UP TO DATE. Books, Photos from Nature, etc. List 2 cts. Vic. Co., 132 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

RUBBER Goods of all kinds. Special Novelties. Cat'g free. HAZELTINE CO., Toledo, O.

RUBBER PROTECTORS, sample 25 cts.; per doz., \$1.25. Ticker free. May Co., Box 924, Chicago, Ill.

RUBBER GOODS of every description. Cat'g free. The Paris Specialty Co., Toledo, O.

GENTS ONLY. Useful Rubber article. Sample free to introduce. Postage 2c. Want agents. Cut out. LEE CO., New York City.

\$0.02. RARE BOOK. Box 924, Chicago.

MEDICAL.

DEVELOPMENT and INVIGORATION

A new scientific, but simple and common sense method of Self Cure for Lost Manhood and all forms of Sexual Weakness, shrunken organs, etc. Different from anything ever before advertised by others. Strengthens at once and rapidly restores to a natural condition of Vigor and Development. Will increase the vigor of any man and prevent loss of power. This is a rational remedy worth any man's investigation. Attention of physicians who want to find an absolute cure, requested. Illustrated description, free, in plain, sealed envelope. The Cameron Co., 49 Fulton St., New York.

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No Gonorrhea, Ulcer or Syphilis known to users. Prevention absolutely sure. At barbers, or send 10 cents (coin or stamps) for 1 doz. or 20c. for 3 doz. to Dee Drug Co., Wellington, Mass. (Liberal Discount to Agents.)

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Instant relief, final cure in a few days never returns; no surgery; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address: C. J. MASON, Box 515, New York, N. Y.

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FOR LOST MANHOOD

Removes the desire to abuse yourself and fully, speedily and permanently restores the wasted vitality caused by this pernicious habit. Stops all discharges and drains upon the system. Strengthens, invigorates and revitalizes the entire sexual apparatus of man. Causes the blood to flow to those parts naturally, enlarging his weak, small, shriveled organs to stay enlarged. Cure guaranteed. Thirty years in active practice. Home treatment perfect; by mail or express. DR. ALFRED L. COLE, Medical Institute and Council of Physicians, 24 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Bank, commercial or professional references cheerfully given.



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Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Lost Manhood, Night Losses, Nervous Debility, Small Weak Parts, Varicocele, etc. G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1257, Marshall, Mich.

BARBERS---FRAME THE FREE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENTS. THEY WILL INCREASE YOUR TRADE

BOWLING NEWS AND RECORDS

High Totals Rolled at All Bowling Sections.



LOUIS STEIN

Is captain of the Orientals, of this city. He has been a first-class bowler for a number of years, and was a member of the Greater New York team last season, and is well known at all the principal bowling resorts in Greater New York.

ALLEY GOSSIP.

The Tourneys Furnishing Records and Match Games High Scores.

The Newtons gained the decision over the Old Beltry five at Lexington.

The Reading team won three against the Gendons in the Interclub series at Everett.

The St. Koch team won a thirty-frame game from the V. R. B. C. at Quebec, Canada, by 105 pins.

Besarick, of the Old Dorchester, rolled 244, the record in tourney series for the season in Boston, Mass.

At Lynn, Mass., the Oxfords won two of three with the Kenwoods. Houghton rolled top score, 202.

Twelve teams are entered in the three-men tourney started on the North Street alleys, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Championship tourney is causing the United Association, of New York, a great deal of trouble.

T. Thomas and J. Gurnsey are matched to roll a series on the Palace alleys, 20 Elm place, Brooklyn.

The South St. Louis team had a walkover in their series against the Southwests, winning five of the six played.

The Sunflowers won a twenty frame game from the Faxon, Horton and Gallagher team by 219 pins at Kansas City, Mo., R. Burke and Millett rolling high scores.

Collins heads the list for averages in the All Star combination, with 110 games already played—177 60-110.

At Postoria, O., the Greater New York team rolled 1045 against the local players, the highest score of the season.

The Schaabs won a series by capturing the odd game from the Westerns at St. Louis, Mo. Peck rolled the high score.

In the Greater Cincinnati, Ohio, tourney the Indians are still in the lead, the Gilt Edges second and Jap a Laces third.

Brill of the All-Stars won two in a match with Menninger for \$25, best two out of three, on the latter's alleys in Detroit.

The Manhattan five sustained their first defeat in Brooklyn National tourney at the hands of the Prosperity team.

A team from Ivorydale won a match series against a Cumulinsville team on Reichrath's alleys, Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the Brunswick alleys, Kansas City, Mo., the Eagles vanquished the Southpaws by the narrow margin of 33 pins.

At Medford, Mass., the home team defeated the Mangus team two out of three. Drew rolled 218, the highest of the evening.

The Buffalo Wheelmen, by defeating the La Salle five, climbed into first place in the Buffalo, (N. Y.) wheelmen's contest.

Robert E. Heun, of the Prospect Wheelmen, holds high score record. 245, on Arnold Schmitt's alleys, 452 Brook avenue.

The Coronado Club of Delhi, Ohio, has completed their series. S. Miller won the championship. Russell Wise finished second.

The Victoria Rifle Bowling team, of Montreal, Can., played the Quebec team on the latter's home alleys, losing by 8 pins.

The We Tens won a game from the Progress team and the latter captured one from the West Ends on Beyer's alleys, Louisville, Ky.

Fred Clinch is only at his best when in the ranks of the Orientals. Louis Stein can tell you that

this year he won the championship of the American National and made an enviable reputation while with the Greater New York.

W. V. Thompson writes that the All Star team are all in good shape, and expects to wind up its schedule in New York within ten days.

The Boston A. A. Club rolled 2714 in three games in Boston, Mass., against the Charlestown five, the highest for the season in that city.

Paul and Schmitt won five out of six in the first half of the match with Rush and Valentine on the White House alleys, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Greater New York team disbanded at Detroit. Sam Karpf started, with Thyme, Clinch and Cordes, Feb. 22, for an extended trip.

James Gray will have charge of Carter's alleys at Home City, Ohio. The alleys have been remodeled and present a splendid appearance.

Jake Petrie, of the Landon Club, defeated M. Klein, of the Henders, the first half of a match series for \$50, on Hender's alleys, Buffalo, N. Y.

The candle-pin game is flourishing in St. Louis, Mo. The Burdocks won a series from the Jumpers, with Assman and Nieman doing the best work.

Frank Brill of the All-Stars won five out of six games played with G. Philard on Menninger & Silver's alleys in Detroit last week. The stake was \$200.

In the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, the George Washington Council won nine games and lost one, with an average of 847 8-9. Robert Fuchs averaged 180; L. Laine, 178. This interesting series is rolled on Fuchs' alleys, 87 Rivington street.

DR. ALFRED L. COLE.

Medical Institute and Council of Physicians, 24 Washington Ave., So.

D. D. Lynch, Manager.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 2, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq., Franklin Square, New York:

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D. D. LYNCH.

Advertising Manager Dr. Alfred Cole, Minneapolis, Minn., Specialist in Diseases of Men.

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The Five-Play

STAR

Purely automatic, and entirely new in construction. Has all of the latest improvements, a most accurate coin detector, etc., in fact, a '99 model as near perfection as human skill and ingenuity can make it; its highly finished, quarter-sawn oak cabinet with nickel-plated trimmings, etc., makes it a handsome ornament and piece. Agents wanted. Write for particulars and prices. Automatic Machine & Tool Co., 23-27 N. Jefferson Street (Near Lake), Chicago, Ill.

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Better and cheaper than ever. Competitors say we cannot furnish at prices quoted. We are prepared to deliver in any quantity and ship with privilege of examination at special low prices. The PUCK, 1899 model, six-slot, \$95.00 each. The OWL, five-slot, 1899 model, at \$75.00 each. Catalogue free.

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THE OWL

Our 1899 Model Now Ready for Delivery.

New handle attachment and other valuable improvements.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Impossible to manipulate or put out of order. Beware of inferior imitations.

We also make 5 and 7 Slot Electrics and are always working on something new. Write us for the best things in money making slot machines.

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SLOT MACHINES

I HAVE A NEW EIGHT-SLOT MACHINE. Send for catalogue.

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AN EVERLASTING INDICATOR for Electric Slot Machines. Adjustable. Fits any machine. \$1 by mail. Send for circular.

C. A. BRAUN, 197 S Canal St., Chicago

THE ARTOSCOPE. Greatest transparent living picture nickel slot machine with series of acts, etc. Special prices for next 60 days, \$22 and \$25. Stirrup Mfg. Co., 73 Fulton St., New York.

SLOT MACHINES. 108 Varieties; from 1.50 up. See our CUT PRICES. New catalogue of CLUB ROOM & FAIR GROUND GOODS. Address, OGDEN & CO., 105 CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SLOT MACHINES. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Catalogue free. Address Chas. A. Wagner Mfg. Co., Vedder and Division Sts., Chicago, Ill.

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PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

FREE TO MEN

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found which will quickly cure them of any form of nervous debility, lost manhood, lack of vigor, relieve them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to, and restores the organs to natural strength and vigor of youth. As it costs nothing to get this wonderful formula it would seem that any man, suffering from any form of nervous debility, ought to be deeply interested in such a remedy, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. The remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination of medicine would be most effective in restoring to men the strength they need. Send your

name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1148 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., stating that you are not writing out of idle curiosity, but wish to make use of the prescription by giving the remedy a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The Dr's. object of distributing this information free is to make men better acquainted with the remedies that exert an influence upon debilitated nerves and wasted vigor. Each different drug is thoroughly explained and the sufferer will thus know what he should use in his particular case in order to get the desired results. Write to-day. There is no doubt about the offer being genuine.

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IF YOU HAVE

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FREE TO MEN A wonderful process with **ACTON TREATMENT** for restoring Manhood. Development, curing Abuse, Losses, Varicocele, etc. State symptoms, age, occupation. **ACTON MEDICAL CO., Dept. H, Chicago, Ill.**

TANSY PILLS (Dr. Caton's) NEVER FAIL. The only genuine ladies relief. Safe and easy. Far superior to Powders, Ergot, Pyl, etc. Sent sealed, \$1. **R. F. CATON, Boston, Mass.** Book and sample FREE.

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

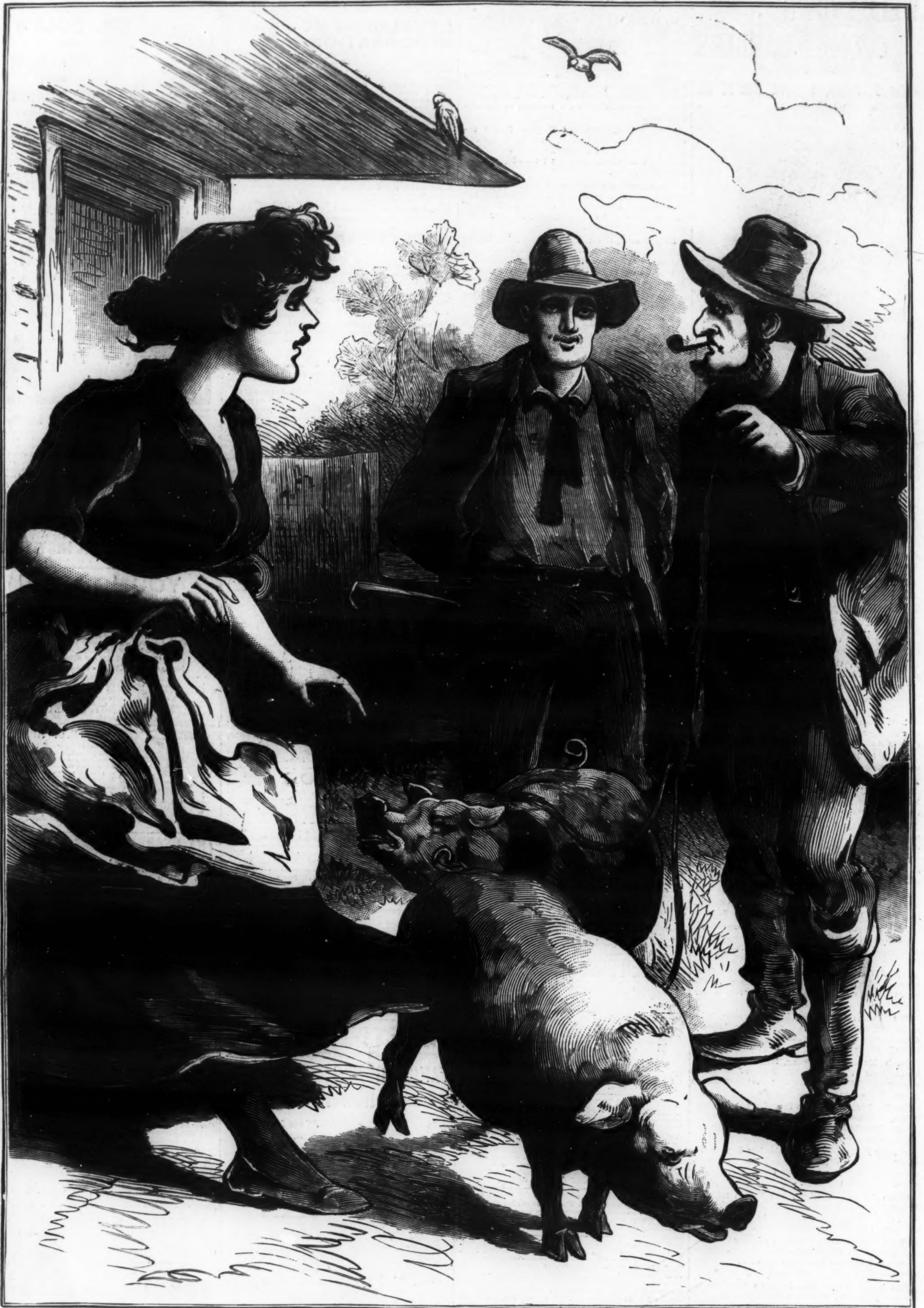
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Gonorrhea and Gleet Stopped in 48 HOURS

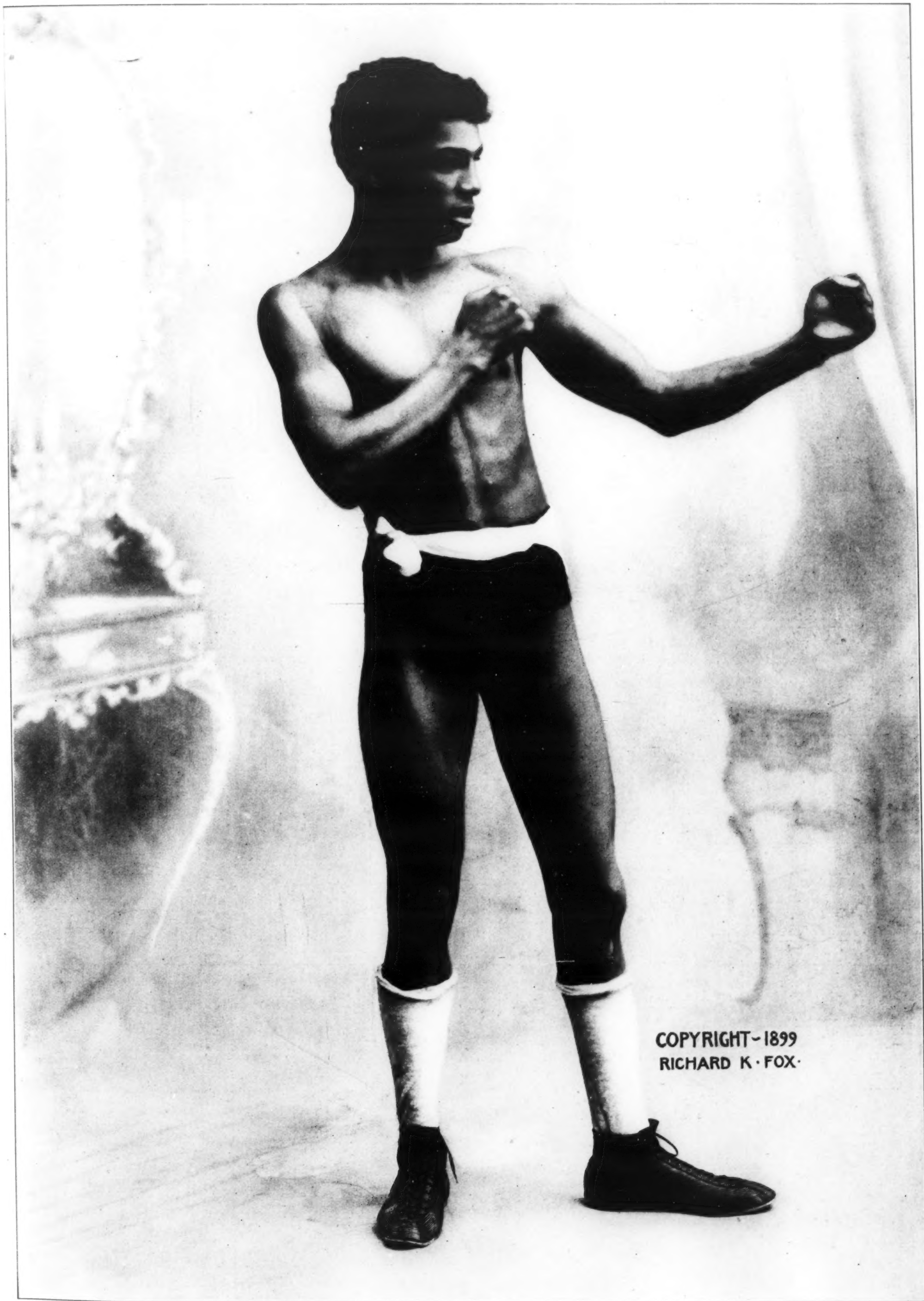
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